461 476 533 The *combite* songs are distinctive in Haitian music for their melodic quality. Sung in unison, as is characteristic of most forms of Negro music, they contain the statement of a theme by the leader and a response from a chorus, so that the contrast between this great volume of sound from the chorus and the solo voice of the *simidor* is singularly effective. It is not the melodic qualities alone that make these songs so 406 533 461 626 203 appealing to the Haitians, however. At the *combite* a man not only learns all the gossip of the day, but enjoys learning and singing the songs which caustically comment on the shortcomings of neighbors, or evaluate the hospitality of those who have called *combites*, or detail scandal, phrased with sufficient directness to allow the reference of the song to remain clear, but warily, so as not to give the individual pilloried ground for direct recrimination. The *simidor* is thus a person to be feared, since in addition to his ability as a singer and a leader of song, he is also an outstanding improviser. As one Haitian expressed it, "The *simidor* is a journalist, and every *simidor* is a Judas!"

406 533 ● 539 461 626 One or two examples of these songs will make clear their favor among a people to whose natural love of gossip is added a patterned relish for oblique public statement of individual shortcomings. The first comments on a miserly *combite* host:

À tè!	Down!
Moin dit, messieurs,	I say, messieurs,
Moin p'rallé nan combite ça-é	I went to that *combite*
Moin pas mangé.	[But] I did not eat.
Moin allé, moin pas joinne un grogue	I went, but I found no drink
Pour moin bwè.	To drink.
Assé-a! En é!	Enough! Up!
Moin dit, messieurs,	I say, messieurs,
M'allé nan combite ça-é	I went to that *combite*

1; Herskovits E-4, 5 (1934) 1937 SV3 Haiti SV3
Mirebalais

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Moin pas joinne mangé	[But] I found no food
Pou' m'mangé.	To eat.

Another song refers to a pungent bit of local gossip, which, though known to everyone, concerned an affair that precluded the mention of names. This is usually the case, for it is not ordinarily deemed wise to make specific references; yet this must not be thought of as an invariable rule, as is shown by the fact that a number of these songs were recorded where names were mentioned with great freedom. Thus in Mirebalais as elsewhere, circumstances must govern cases; the composer of the following short song did not feel it politic to do more than recall the case:

Ca va reglé,	This will be arranged,
En é, o!	Up, o!
Affai' cousine germaine	The affair of a first cousin
A'c cousin germain.	With her first cousin.

Reference is also made to an impending quarrel where a suspicion of magic practices entered:

Moin dit, Juda,	I say, Judas,
Allé l'église;	Go to the church;
Quand ou apè tourné	When you return
Ou a quitté moin tranquille, o-o;	You will leave me in peace, o-o;
Si ou allé l'église,	If you go to the church,
Ou apè quitté moin tranquille, o-o.	You will leave me in peace, o-o.

Still another song is a challenge, for in it the singer boasts that he is the equal of the man figuratively designated in it, and will cause trouble if resisted:

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À tè!	Down!
M'apé mandé qui moune	I ask what person
Qui en dedans caille là.	Is in that house.

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Compère répond':	My friend replies:
"C'e' moin qui avec cousine moin."	"It is I who am with my cousin."
Assé-é!	Enough!
Moin en dedans déjà.	I am already inside.
En é-é-o!	Up, o!
Nan point taureau	No bull
Passé taureau.	Is better than [this] bull.
En é-o!	Up, o!

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626 Finally, there may be cited a composition which complains against a shirker who comes and eats, but does little work:

Samba, é-é,	Samba, *é-é,*
Moin vé ou malhonnet,	I see that you are a dishonest man,
Tonnèrre!	*Tonnèrre!*[*]
Moin planté maïs moin,	I plant my maize,
L'année rive,	The year rolls round,
Moin planté mangé,	I plant food,
Ou apè managé li.	You eat it.
En é-é-o!	In the air!
Moin planté zaboca,	I plant avocados,
Ça pou' ou mangé,	They are for you to eat,
Ou malhonnet-o.	You are a dishonest man-o.
Tonnèrre!	*Tonnèrre!*

241 The field cleared and hoed, the work of planting begins. This is carried on in accordance with a well-defined calendar of agriculture, which takes as its starting-point the beginning of the rains. Maize, which matures quickly, is the first crop, and is planted during the latter part of March or early in April, unless the rains are delayed, when it is planted later that month. Congo peas, which mature less rapidly, are put

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[195] [*] *Tonnèrre,* "thunder," is a Haitian-French oath; the original is retained because in translation its force is lost.

241 821 planted at other times will spoil. Similarly, millet and maize must not be harvested during these periods, or small insects will eat the grain. "No crop whose root is used for food may be planted during the forbidden phases of the moon," say the educated cultivators also, citing experiences of their own or of their neighbors who, being skeptical, planted their potatoes or other tubers during the wrong phase of the moon, only to have them completely spoil. In some instances not only the phases of the moon, but entire months are held unpropitious for planting. Thus July is regarded as a "weak" month for planting potatoes and plantains, while April, May, June, and August are preferred ones.

241 782 [771] As in all Negro cultures, the Haitians dare not ignore the supernatural powers that rule the universe, where the question of getting a living is concerned. In the valley of Mirebalais, if the land where a field is to be made has a stream, a cock must be sacrificed to the spirit that resides in it, together with oil, peas, and some non-intoxicating drink. In making 241 782 539 the offering, protection is asked against those who might steal from the field or injure it:

> "*Maître Source, moin mandé pou' ou gadé jardin moin vini fait ici. Cé pas pou' ou laissé méchant, malfaiteur contrarié tout ça moin mété nan terr'a. Si moin bien récolté, moin va ba ou un pile mangé.* — Master of the Stream, I pray you to protect the garden I have just made here. Do not permit any evil designing person to harm all that I have put into the ground. If I harvest well, I will give you much food."

An invocation such as the following might also be pronounced on this occasion:

> "*Jesu Christ, les Saints, Marassa, les Morts: M'ap' travaillé; m'ap' planté graines-là. Pou' fai'l donné pou' moin, pou' m' join, pou' m' bai' Mystères, les Saintes, les Marassa, les Morts.* — Jesus Christ, Saints, Twins, the

> Dead: I have worked; I have planted this seed. Make it 241
> yield for me, that I may make offerings to the Mysteries, 782
> the Saints, the Twins, the Dead." 539

At the entrance to the field the cranium of a horse, a mule, 241
or a burro may be erected on a pole as magic against evil, and 789
a wooden cross to which limes are attached may also be raised to protect against any expression of envy that might place a spell upon the growing plants. Finally, if there is any reason to believe that evil magic may have been invoked against the owner, a *hungan*, or *vodun* priest is summoned to make a charm to ward it off, and, with a little ceremony, he inters this charm in the middle of the garden or at its entrance.

In addition to this, first fruits must be given as an offering 241
to the supernatural forces whose goodwill has permitted a 782
bountiful yield, particularly in the case of staple crops such as maize and rice. As the first heads of maize are brought in, they are roasted, and the kernels are cut from the cobs. The [823]
head of the household then throws them to the four cardinal [539]
points either in the garden or before his house, and as he does this, he pronounces an invocation such as the following:

> "*Jesu Christ, les Saints, les Marassa, les Morts: M' jet' mai' bai' ou, c'est pou' toujou' m' gagne bai' ou, et pou' m' gagne courai' pou' travai' a'c p'tit' moin, a'c femme moin, a'c parent' moin, a'c toute famille-a. Conserve m' pou' m' pas malade, pou' m' toujours join pou, m' bai' ou.* — Jesus Christ, the Saints, the Twins, the Dead: I throw maize for you, that I may always have some to give, that I may gain courage [strength] to work, and also my children, my wife, my relations, and all my family. Care for me that I do not fall ill, so that I may always have [something] to give you."

After this ritual the new crop is available to its owner for whatever use he may care to make of it.

241 782 The first of the rice-harvest is pounded in a mortar. A chicken is killed, or, if the farmer is a man of some means, he may offer two chickens, which are stewed together with red beans. The rice, cooked separately, is put on one platter or in a calabash and the stew in another, and these are taken to the field, where they are cast to the four quarters of the earth. Some of this is also given to the spirit residing in any stream [778 824] which may be on the property. In addition, sacred trees are rewarded for their care over the field with some of this food placed at the foot of each, but only after they have demonstrated their merit by a successful yield. A prayer of thanks, ● [539] couched in terms such as these, is next pronounced:

> "*Tout ça quitté. Aidé moin à travailler durant l'année, quitté ba moin force, courage. Moin bien content jodi-a, main ça moin porté ba-ou, c'e pou' ca toujou' bon. Ba moin force l'année pou' moin travaille plus l'année prochain. Merci.* — All this remains [here for you]. Help me to work during the year, give me strength and courage. Today I am well satisfied; here is what I bring you that all may always be well with me. Give me strength this year that I may work more next year. Thank you."

The family and their friends who may be present then return to the house and eat the remaining food.

241 782 262 It is also held dangerous to eat yams until the spirits are given the first of the new crop that comes to hand.[1] This is true even though a person may not himself be a farmer, but purchases his yams in the market. Unless this is done: "*Cap' malade, cap' tué même. Marassa kèmbé 'ou, morts, too, et mystères.* — You can become ill, you can even die. Twins will seize (molest) you; the dead, too, and the *mystères.*" The ceremony occurs during November or December, and in addition to the "Guinea" yams — for this ceremony is not performed for the great coarse yams — it is necessary to have imported dried salt fish, fish from Haitian waters which are dried

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other evil spirit or evil magic that may be directed against her. [751]
If she is a worshipper of the African deities of the *vodun* cult, she may also ask the *vodun* priest to determine by divination what spirit will protect the child, and what her own deity asks to insure his aid. During all her pregnancy she is particularly careful to avoid eating those foods which are "hateful" to her — that is, which cause her to become ill — though in Mirebalais, at least, it is not necessary that she refrain from partaking of the foods "hateful" to her husband. A pregnant woman has privileges and powers not shared with other [753]
women, as was evidenced when a Haitian man once appeared with his eye half shut, explaining that the sty was a punishment for his refusal to buy something his pregnant spouse had coveted. "They do not always know they are sending you a sty, but it is a power they have," he made clear.

Shortly before parturition is expected, both the pregnant 843
woman and her husband invoke the aid of the family deities 782
and make them offerings of a *couvert sec.** The rite is an informal one that need not necessarily take place in the familial house of worship; if it is more convenient, it may be performed inside their own house or in the courtyard. After re- 843
peating the Pater Noster and the Ave Maria, a prayer such as 782
the following is pronounced by the woman: 539

> "*Toutes mystères, tant pour papa que manman, du même de côté mari moin: m'ap mandé ou pou' moin fait un heureuse accouchement, pou' l'ouv'i chemin ba moin.* — All the gods, both of my father and of my mother, as well as those of my husband: I ask that you cause me to have a good delivery, that you open the road for me."

At the same time the family ancestors are not overlooked:

> "*Moin mandé nou' tous pou' nou' vini délivré moin, pou' nou' l'ouvri chemin pou' moin, pou' pas quitté*

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* The various types of offerings will be discussed in the next section of this book.

843 782 539 *malin esprit barré chemin qu'en moment delivrance moin apé rivé. Nou' toutes Invisibles, les Saints, les Morts, Marassa, vini assisté moin jou'-a.*—I ask you all to come deliver me, that you open the way for me, that you do not allow evil spirits to bar my path when the time of the delivery approaches. May you all, Invisible Beings, the Saints, the Dead, Twins, come to my aid on that day."

843 782 776 Should one of the couple be a devotee of Damballa or Erzilie, both of them jealous gods, a chicken or two is added to the customary offerings, and some gift pleasing to the god, such as a dress or suit of his sacred color, is made him. Normally no further precautions need be taken. 843 789 793 If, however, the pregnant woman has had one or two miscarriages, she and her husband go to a *vodun* priest, preferably a woman, and obtain a "medicine" to be used in bathing the abdominal and vaginal areas as a precaution against *mauvaises aires,* the werewolves believed to consume children in the womb. 755 793 If the pregnancy this time terminates successfully, some of the same medicine is rubbed on the child shortly after birth and several times during the ensuing weeks, but should the infant later fall ill, the *vodun* priest brings herbs and makes a smoke-fire to drive away the werewolves that are believed still to be hovering about.

844 782 At the onset of labor, if either the father or the mother of the unborn child is vowed to Damballa, another sacrifice is made to this god and to the spirits of twins, giving a *couvert sec* and one or two chickens and pigeons to each. If a *vodun* priest has determined what deity protects the child, a sacrifice is also given this spirit, and prayers are said to the spirits of twins, the dead of the families of both the man and the woman, and all other supernatural beings, saints of the Church and *vodun* gods alike.

844 Meanwhile the woman has been placed on the ground on

608 remembrances are expected from them on birthdays or saints' days, while the young person, when older, often brings his problems to them, knowing that they will give him their most disinterested advice. A man may turn to his godparents for aid before asking it of his family, for they are regarded as truest of friends. Nor does he stand in awe of them as he does of his older relations. There is a free joking give-and-take between godparent and godchild, which reflects this attitude of warm affection. A person even stands in a special relationship to the children of his godparents, calling them "baptismal
608 brothers" or "baptismal sisters." Among the peasants, though
582 not among the inhabitants of the larger centers, not only marriage but even those non-Church unions otherwise socially sanctioned are frowned upon between "baptismal brothers and sisters." And Mirebalais has it that when Church marriage is contemplated by two such individuals, special authorization from the Archbishop must first be obtained.[3]

851 Saturday is the day favored for baptisms, permitting as it
852 does the child to be brought to town on a market day. The
608 mother rarely attends, and usually the father is also absent when the godparents bring the infant to the baptismal font, where the priest gives him his name and receives him into the Church. Later in the day the parents are visited by their friends and relatives, who, if they can afford it, bring gifts for the child and partake of the drinks and refreshments that are provided.

851 Following the Church baptism at an interval which varies
852 with differing circumstances, the father and mother and the
782 godfather and godmother present the child to the family deities. Arriving at the family habitation the father says:

[539] *"Mystères-o, nou' même qui te après Grand Maitre protège et delivre, moin vin' remercie nou'. Et en même temps main petite la pou' ge'dé pou' moin. Pas quitté mauvaise lawou gagné l'empi' sou' li. Ba li force, santé,*

> *et preserve li cont'e tout mal. Ba li couraille pou' moin.* 851
> *Yun jou', c'est li-même qui allé remplacé nou' pou' servi* 852
> *nou' quan' nou' pas pè la.* — O spirits, you who after the 539●
> Great Master protect and deliver, I come to thank you. 782
> At the same time here is the child [you are] to protect for me. Do not let werewolves gain power over him. Grant him strength, health, and preserve him against all evil. Give him courage for me. One day he himself will replace us to serve you when we are no longer here."

Inasmuch as it is always necessary to invoke all three categories 851
of supernatural beings, a similar invocation is pronounced for 852
the dead and the spirits of twins. The rite, however, may be 782
even simpler than this. If the family house of worship is near [764]
by, and the relationship group is one which numbers important members of the *vodun* cult, the child may be taken into this house, water thrown on the ground three times, and a candle lighted. In such cases no invocation is pronounced.

Most mothers nurse their infants until they are about eight- 862
een months old, though children may be weaned when as young as a year. Weaning is accomplished in a day or two. On [824]
the day selected, a bitter plant called *laloi* is spread on the mother's breasts, and when the child asks and is given the breast and refuses it because of the bitter taste, his favorite food is at once offered as a substitute. So efficacious is this method that one day's training is ordinarily enough. As a further precaution the child is not allowed to sleep with his mother for three or four nights after being weaned, so that he cannot take the breast at night, and is only given a place in the mother's bed after her milk has ceased to flow.

The earlier years of a child are in the main free from care, 857
and, with due allowance for the differences in individual [855]
temperaments and family traditions, he is given much his own way. Young children make "mud food" and build play-houses. When somewhat older, they organize games of

857 hide-and-seek and enjoy story-telling sessions, when the tales of 'Ti Malice and Bouki are recounted. Still older ones make drums out of jars and "arrange a dance." Little girls play with dolls made for them by the older children, while boys with sticks for horses organize themselves into "armies" with their
852 seniors as officers. When a child's teeth fall out, a minor ceremony is performed. As each tooth is detached, the child throws it on the roof of the mother's house, saying:

● [537]

"Rat, rat, rat,	"Rat, rat, rat,
M'jeť yun beľ 'ti dent ba 'ou,	I give you a nice little tooth,
Ba'm yun vieille dent."	Give me an old tooth."

871 At this same time a beginning of formal education is made, especially if the child lives in the town or near enough to it to
872 allow him to reach one of the schools there. These schools are under both secular and Catholic auspices, and in them the pupil is instructed in the rudiments of European education, learning to read and write and to do simple problems in arith-
873 metic. If he shows proficiency and the means of his family permit, he may go on to a secondary school at Port-au-Prince or some other center; in the main, however, this schooling is all he ever receives, if he is permitted this much.

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602 It is not to be supposed that a child is allowed to grow up without learning how to conduct himself in accordance with the traditional code of Haitian behavior, for the punishment that follows departures from this code is always both prompt and extremely painful, beating with sticks being the mode of correction most often employed. The mechanisms of education and control operate the more effectively because they are exercised by a fairly large group of persons, which includes not only the father and mother of the child, but also his grandparents, his uncles and aunts on both sides of the family, and
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604 his older brothers, sisters, and cousins. Less restraint is exercised before grandparents than other relations, for while there

008 842 825 163 833 the phrase: "This is natural." Children are not spaced, for normally a man resumes intercourse with his wife the second or third month after childbirth. Except for the drinking of coconut milk and salt, which is believed to be effective in preventing conception if taken before intercourse, contraceptives are not known to women, which means that pregnancies follow in rapid succession. 162 165 Families are not too large, however, despite this, those numbering seven or eight children being rare, even in the hills. The reason for this is a high incidence of infant mortality, which is obvious despite the 847 absence of vital statistics. Abortions are usually resorted to by young women, who sustain the operation done by the uncertain skill of an old woman, in the fear that bearing a child will later stand in the way of a desirable legal marriage. 842 825 263 Some men, however, take the precaution of placing a grain of native salt on the tongue while having intercourse during an illicit affair, believing that this will be effective in preventing conception.

842 789 787 791 795 786 531 A childless woman first goes to a *vodun* priest, to have him determine by divination if a co-wife has not invoked magic against her. If her question receives an affirmative answer, she acquires a "counter-charm" to offset the effect of the other woman's magic. Should such a charm be ineffective, she would offer her prayers before the shrines of the saints and make pilgrimages to such sacred places as Saut d'Eau, there phrasing her petition to the Virgin in some manner such as the prayer overheard as a woman lighted a candle and held it in her hand before placing it on a sacred rock:

> *"Vièrge Miracles, Manman, voilà, depuis six ans depuis qui moins marié; moin apé vivre seul avec pauvre malhereux moin-a. Ça fait trois fois moin vini nan pié ou. Pas 'blié mandé moin fait ou, pour charité, moin ou petit pitite. Moin va minnin li ba ou. Moin apé parti, Manman, t' ou' pli, songé ça pitite m' mandé ou.—*

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Virgin of Miracles, Mother, I have been married for six years; I am still living alone with my poor unfortunate one. This is the third time I come to you. For charity's sake, do not forget to send me a child. I have brought this for you. Now I am about to leave [but], Mother, please think of the little one I ask of you."

778 779 776 number, exclamations of pleasure were heard that the gods were responding. Outwardly, the ritual seemed completely disorganized, the "*loa*" and the spectators moving, mud-bespattered, tense, from the table for Bosu to that for Simbi, and back, or to the *trône*.

533 539 778 779 [534] The singing went on without interruption to the accompaniment of the bell and occasional blasts of the whistle. Among the songs heard during this period of possession were:

Bosu li join' qui chôse a tè,	Bosu found something on the ground,
Pas ramassé li.	Do not pick it up.
Bosu ma'ché,	Bosu goes about,
Li join qui chose a tè',	He found something on the ground,
Pas ramassé li.	Do not pick it up.
Un va entrave	You will come to harm
Si ou ramassé li.	If you pick it up.
Va enragé Bosu.	You will anger Bosu.
Simbi en Deux Eaux,	Simbi en Deux Eaux
M'we fè p'ou,	I do for you,
F'e p'moin,	Do for me,
Fi-a, Congo,	Help, O Congo,
Congo Zandor.	Congo Zandor.
Simbi Kita Kita, travaille pour nous,	Simbi Kita Kita, work for us,
Jodi-a pour nous,	Today for us,
Demain pou' zott'.	Tomorrow for others.
Erzilie, o Lemba,	Erzilie, o Lemba,
M'ap' mandé coté Erzilie ye.	I ask, where is Erzilie.
Mangé a'paré.	The food is ready.
Gedenibo, derrière la croix, Gede,	Gedenibo, behind the cross, Gede.

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Devant Baron, Gede,	Before Baron, Gede,
Derrière la croix, Gede,	Behind the cross, Gede,
Jodi-a m'p' nan sang m'we,	Today I am troubled,
Gedevi, rhele Gede, ça Gede,	Gedevi, call Gede, this Gede,
Jodi-a m'pas nan sang moin.	Today I am troubled.
Balai, rousé, cerclé, quitté.	Cease to sweep, sprinkle, hoe.
Moin pas nan sang, Baron Samedi.	I am troubled, Baron Samedi.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the *hungan* intervened to calm 78
those possessed, for the time was at hand to give the sacrifices. 79
Summoning the family to assemble again before the *trône* with the offerings, he commenced a long ritual in which each creature was prepared by being carefully washed and combed, while the boar for Bosu was also fastidiously perfumed and powdered. At the direction of the *hungan*, the fowls were first offered, the killing taking place at a distance of some thirty or forty feet behind the *trône*. The chickens were held with the two wings and the head in the left hand, so that the neck was exposed. The knife was passed twice over the neck to describe a cross, after which each fowl was cleanly and skillfully dispatched. One of the assistants of the *hungan* held a small calabash in which some of the blood of each animal was caught, and another, knife in hand, sang with him that they were offering this *koklo* to the deity for whom it was intended. As the last of the chickens was being killed, the *hungan* left the *trône* and quietly strangled the pigeons for Damballa.

All possessions had ceased, except that of a man "mounted"
by Gede and a woman by Simbi. The man particularly at- [776]
tracted much attention, for Gede is known as a gossip, and so [521]
diverting were his revelations of family scandal that all were too absorbed listening to him to show any interest in the sacrifice of the animals.

78 79 533 fice of the animals. At one point the *adjanikon* holding the calabash in which the blood was caught threw it on the ground in anger, declaring that animals should not be killed for people who were too indifferent to come and sing the songs that accompany the giving of offerings. Some of those present thereupon detached themselves and came to watch the killing of the two small pigs, as the song, repeated over and over, changed to:

[539]

O minmin, moin couteau la,	Oh, here, here is my knife,
Soso na pé tué, soso,	A pig is to be killed, a pig,
Jodi-a.	Today.

78 79 At this point several other men joined in handling the larger animals, for now the one killing the sacrifices could only hold the mouth of each beast before he cut its throat. And when the boar was to be sacrificed, even more assistance was needed, and a line of rope had to be fastened about his snout before he could be handled at all. The killing was ended when the [533] [539] sacrificial goat was slaughtered, to the accompaniment of the song:

Ma'ze Louisa,	Miss Louisa,
M'ap' tué ou jodi-a,	I kill you today,
Pour Erzilie, 'Ti Kita,	For Erzilie, 'Ti Kita,
Gé Rouge, Pié Sèche.	Gé Rouge, Pié Sèche.

The calabash containing the blood was now placed on the *trône,* while the carcasses were gathered in an orderly pile in front of it. The *hungan* described a circle about the massed bodies with cornmeal, also making two white lines in the form of a cross over them. He then began to sing the *adoration* that [465] follows every killing, while the family and all others present threw coins for him into the dish that rested on the bodies, only a few sous of which he gave to his assistants. This rite ended as the women came to him one by one, each to take a

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fore never return to trouble the living. As witness to this, he was now putting the cross in place, "which causes everything that is evil to flee," to remain until it rotted away.

Simbi djo was "restrained" where the *trône* had been; Lemba under the mango tree near the place of the table for Bosu. Some of the meat of the pigs was buried in these places with all other kinds of cooked food, and the gods were told that they were to repose there for from seven to seventeen years, after which they would again be fed. A cross of iron was buried with the cooked meat, and as each jar, both now and earlier, was put in place, this song was sung:

[778]
[538]
[539]

Poussé allé,	Get you gone,
Poussé allé,	Get you gone,
Icit pas pays ou.	This is not your country.
Ça lan Guinée,	It is Guinée,
Qui pays ou.	That is your country.

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A violent rain-storm not only made it impossible to reach the place of the ceremony the following day, but also made it necessary for the family to defer all but a few of the more essential rites. The second day's ritual was thereupon put over to Saturday, when according to original intentions the *vodun* dance that had been planned to close this complex of ceremonies was to have occurred, but which in consequence was postponed until some weeks later.

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The ritual of the second day of this *cérémonie* began much earlier than that of the first, for by about one-thirty in the afternoon the *action de grâce* was almost completed. As one approached, a newly dug mound of earth with a cross over it where the troublesome deities had been buried was to be seen just outside the land belonging to the family. The cross was draped with a black cloth, and was itself painted blue and white, while a rosary and a magic *garde* of native twine were suspended from it.

On this afternoon the ritual was performed in two places, a

spot somewhat farther down the stream than the site of the 78
earlier ceremony, and later at the family habitation on the 79
hill. There was one table arranged as a *trône* and under its [778]
canopy, beside the *images*, the candles, and the crucifix, were
white foods such as rice and white beans. Instead of Pétro *loa*, [776]
this time the ceremony was to bring Rada gods who were to
be asked for children, good health, and good fortune. The
trône was just below the confluence of two brooks, near
some great palm trees. Near by was a weir, while in the larger
stream, below the point of juncture, were two small natural
pools.

When the *action de grâce*, which did not differ from that [532]
witnessed earlier, was ended, the *hungan* again made his
verver, and these were yet richer in design than on the previous occasion. As he finished he took a number of the women
of the family by the right hand, spinning each in turn several
times to induce possession. The *loa* Damballa Siligwe "came" [776]
almost at once, possessing a woman who threw herself into
the stream, threshing about as a "serpent." No one troubled
himself to attend to her, however, as she emerged and walked
about in her wet clothes behind the *trône* and in front of
it, so that, according to the *hungan*, the *loa* became angry and
would not come, thus making it necessary to sing many more
songs of praise and entreaty. As he sang, the *hungan* seized [533]
one member of the family after another by the hand, spinning [539]
them about and making them kneel before the *trône* to bring
the *loa*.

Moin dit Gran',	I say, Gran',
Bonjou', Gran',	Good-day, Gran',
Bonjou', bonjou'.	Good-day, good-day.
Enfants, la yo, Gran',	It is their children, Gran',
Qui ap mandé coumen nous ye-e,	Who ask how you are,
Enfants yo	Their children
Qui ap dit bonjou'.	Who say good-day.

1: Herskovits E-4, 5 (1934) 1937 SV3 Haiti SV3
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78	*Damballa Wedo,*	Damballa Wedo,
79	*Papa, nan pié boi',*	Papa, in the tree,
533	*Moin pa' pe' monté.*	I cannot climb.
534	*Papa ou c'é' coulev',*	Papa, you are a serpent,
	Papa ou c'é' Dagowe.	Papa, you are Dagowe.
	Damballa Siligwe, Anvalou,	Damballa Siligwe, Anvalou,
	Nous salué ou.	We salute you.
	Ça nous dit,	What do you say,
	Alada Sisigwe?	Alada Sisigwe?
	Papa Damballa moin,	Papa Damballa mine,
	Signalé nous,	Show us,
	Signalé nous Dahomey.	Show us Dahomey.
	Nous acé! Nous acé!	We are here! We are here!
	Papa Ogun qui met' pié	Papa Ogun who enters
	Nan humfort.	The *humfort*
	Ago, ago-e!	*Ago, ago-e!*
	Kadia Bosu,	Kadia Bosu,
	Nous acé,	We are here,
	Kadia Bosu.	Kadia Bosu.

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These songs failed to bring the gods, and the mother of the girl who had been possessed was sternly commanded to take her up the hill to the house and dress her in clean dry clothes. Before she could return, another young woman who, it was later learned, was a member of the family from the region of Grand Bois, some distance away, came running down the hill possessed by Damballa. Crying out for more room, she ordered those sitting near the *trône* to move on as she roughly pulled others toward her. Now the *loa* came rapidly, with six or seven immediate possessions; and even one reluctant girl who stood by nervously, hesitating to soil the fresh white dress trimmed in blue which she, like the other women of the family, was wearing, was soon "mounted" by her *loa*.

78 79 Once again the *hungan* made *verver* and, as he did so, the woman possessed by Damballa, leaping across the brook, climbed into a calabash tree, holding to the near-by palm fronds for support as she shook the tree to punctuate her shouted directions and demands. As she climbed higher and higher, the *hungan* pleaded: "Go no further, Papa. Climb no further," but to no avail. By this time it was after four o'clock, and since this day the rains did not delay, the *hungan* entreated her to descend from the tree, to permit him and the others assembled there to go up the hill out of the downpour. Wooing the "*loa*" with song, he urged: [533] [534] ●

Verver ci mè' a tè,	Here is *verver* on the ground,
Pinga cé'émonie moin,	Take heed of my ceremony,
Shango, ago-e!	Shango, *ago-e!*

[532] While he sang, he made *verver* about the base of the tree on which the woman was standing and along the bank of the stream. But he still had no success, for she persisted with much violence to recount the wrong that had been done by the family to provoke the anger of the gods—how one member had bargained with a *hungan* to induce him to send evil *loa* to the other members of the family, that they might die and his inheritance might be the greater. Before she would consent to descend, all the sacrifices had to be brought for her inspection, and all those possessed were required to go up the hill and dress in clean clothes. Returning in the rain, the freshly dressed women gathered about the base of the tree, exhibiting the sacrificial animals to the *loa*, the chickens held high in the hands of their donors, and the goats and sheep prominently placed. Slowly, very slowly, as the downpour continued, the woman began to descend, and many times she hesitated, so that it was more than ten minutes before she reached the ground.

But even after she was on the ground and the *hungan* was

1: Herskovits E-4, 5 (1934) 1937 SV3 Haiti SV3
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78 79 preparing to seek shelter from the rain, new possessions continued, until, saying: "The *loa* are greater than I am," he went on with the ceremony, singing:

[533] [539]

Ossange Damballa Wedo,	Ossange Damballa Wedo,
Laissé coulé, Ossange-o!	Permit coiling, Ossange!
Ai-bobo!	*Ai-bobo!*
Moin entré,	I enter,
M'ap salué loa.	I salute the *loa.*
Ogun, Ogun Achade,	Ogun, Ogun Ashade,
O, Ogun Achade,	O, Ogun Ashade,
Hier soir Ogun fai' yun rêve'-o	Last night Ogun dreamed a dream-o
Rêve' li tourné lègèdé.	Dreamed he turned a spy.

A woman became possessed by Damballa, as did the young man who had "had" Gede the preceding night of the ceremony; the woman was in a gay mood, going about smiling and laughing, while the man threw himself in the water and rolled like a snake. And since the *loa* were coming so strongly, the *hungan* began the ceremony of washing and presenting the sacrificial animals, which this time included two white male goats, one very large and one smaller, a white sheep, and six or seven fowls of various colors. The presentation made, the entire group marched singing up the path to the houses, the flag-bearers saluting with their banners the woman so happy in her possession.

[346] As the procession came up the hill, it passed a newly built small house, intended to serve as the family place of worship for the *loa* now introduced into the habitation, and a framework of brush, or *tonnelle,* that had been erected as a shelter under which the postponed *vodun* dance was to have taken place. Without pausing, they proceeded slowly to the gate-

way, where a ceremony was held for Legba, the guardian of entrances, that he might permit the other *loa* to pass. 78 79

At the direction of the *hungan*, the bars of the gateway were let down as prayers, the Pater Noster and the Ave Maria, were said. Then he sang: [539] [533] ●

Papa Legba,	Papa Legba,
Fé ou gagné patience	Have patience
Pou' ou service.	At your *service.*
Ago, ago-e!	*Ago, ago-e!*
Papa Legba,	Papa Legba,
Sorti lan Guinée,	Come from Guinea,
Pou' nou' passé.	That we may pass.

As this song and others of similar tenor were sung, the man who had been first possessed by Gede, and earlier in the afternoon by Damballa, strode shouting along the path beside the entrance, into the near-by fire, which was made the hotter as several men blew on it and poured rum into the flames; he stamped in it until he was seized and calmed. The *hungan* once more began to make *verver*, this time at the gateway, as he sang: [533] [539]

Papa Legba,	Papa Legba,
Na pé mandé,	We ask you,
Ça wé la?	What do you see there?
Adoré-é-o	We worship, oh,
A-i bobo!	*A-i bobo!*
Papa Legba,	Papa Legba,
Ouvri barrière pou' nou', ago-ye!	Open the gateway for us, *ago-ye!*
Ouvri chemin pou' moin.	Open the path for me.

As he sang, he passed the red and black cock for Legba over the body of the possessed man sitting in a chair, who thereupon resumed his excited movements, reeling along the path 78 79 533 539

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and from time to time again tramping in the fire, as these songs were heard:

Legba cuiscuignon,	Legba who limps along,
À la longtemps,	It is a long time
Moin pas wé 'ou.	I have not seen you.
Papa Legba, wé!	Papa Legba, look!
L'ouvri barrière pou' nous passé.	Open the gateway that we may pass.
E-ago-ye!	*E-ago-ye!*
Legba chita lan barrière	Legba who sits on the gate
Ba nou' passé.	Give us the right to pass.
Ago-ye-e!	*Ago-ye-e!*

The chicken was also passed over other members of the family, but without bringing on any new possessions, and was several times presented on both sides of the entrance-way, wings outstretched, the *hungan* occasionally half-kneeling. Finally stepping inside the entrance, he wrung the neck of the animal, which was destined later to be roasted and to hang for several days over the gateway. While the *loa* Legba was dancing in the fire, Gran' Erzilie " came to the head " of a woman who, after violent possession and a great deal of pacing back and forth in company with "Legba," went down on her knees. Still another woman became possessed, by Damballa, and rolled in the mud. Another procession, for the return to the *tonnelle,* was formed as a lilting song was sung, with everyone dancing to it. "Legba," walking backwards, led the way, calling out: "This way, Papa, come this way." The one possessed by Gran' Erzilie followed on her knees, while, some distance behind, "Damballa" rolled from side to side as she moved her body face-downward along the path. After a few moments the woman on her knees began to beat the ground rhythmically as she proceeded, and as "Damballa" caught up with her, she beat this rhythm on the thighs and buttocks pressed with the temerity of those who danced in the fire for 76 Legba. 194

At a certain dance, however, he volunteered to help in a 787 small way in promoting the activities of the evening, such as 159 serving *clairin* to the drummers, while he himself danced the social dance about the central post of the *tonnelle.* As the tempo of the dance heightened, he became more deeply imbued with the spirit of the occasion and shouted: " If the *loa* comes to me, I will accept it! " as he plunged again into the circle of dancers. When the drums sounded the salute to the gods, he would awkwardly execute the accompanying backward turning movement of the figure.

After a time he left the *tonnelle,* but before many moments had elapsed a commotion was heard at the near-by *barrière,* where he was reeling in the first stage of possession, just inside the gate, while a fully possessed woman in a figured dress stalked back and forth. An *adjanikon,* with candle and calabash of water, was trying to " settle " his possession, but he fell to the ground and rolled on his back, lying prostrate with legs and arms outstretched and twitching. The *adjanikon,* putting aside the candle and water, lifted his limp body to its [533] feet and then slowly, according to the accepted pattern, holding [539] him upright, swayed with him in time to the song that all twelve or fifteen persons present were by now singing, until, staggering, the possessed man was able to support himself:

Damballa-o, Damballa-e,	Damballa-o, Damballa-e,
Damballa-o, Damballa Wedo,	Damballa-o, Damballa Wedo,
'Gadé ça ou fait' moin.	See what you have done to me.

Steadily fixing his eyes on the possessed one, the *adjanikon* now danced with him, turning always in the opposite direction as he offered him the candle and the water, which, how-

796 794 787 159 ever, the man was not yet able to hold. Moving backwards toward the *maison de servitude,* all the spectators continued to sing the song of Damballa, while the man to whom the god had come half-danced and was half-carried up the path to the *tonnelle* and taken into the family house of worship.

[788] When he had sufficiently recovered to be able to hold the candle and the water, he poured the water and unsteadily bowed three times in the accepted manner before the *couvert sec* to the Rada gods. He now was enough in control of himself to emerge, and, with the *adjanikon* dancing before him with water and a candle, he once again came into the *tonnelle,* before the drums. As he appeared, the drummers stopped the Ogun rhythm they had been sounding, and in an intense silence all waited for the god to announce himself. Half on his [533] [539] knees before the drums, the one possessed began to sing in a cracked voice:

Damballa Wedo,	Damballa Wedo,
Papa m' c'est coulev'-o,	Papa, I am a serpent-o,
Na poi' bois	There is no tree
Moin pa' li monté.	I cannot climb.

With this initial statement, the Damballa rhythm rolled from the drums, as all echoed the song in chorused response, while the possessed figure, in strict conformity to the pattern, first poured water at the central post and then consecutively before the iron and each of the drums. Returning to the central post, he whirled about it, almost but never quite falling, until he could dance before the drums, awkwardly but acceptably, before he disappeared to rest in a near-by house.

796 787 159 793 The explanation offered by this man of the manner in which he became possessed, and his varying attitudes toward his possession, are revealing. On several previous occasions the *hungan* who officiated at the dance had noticed that he was attending *vodun* rites and had joked with him about his interest in them. Once at an earlier dance this *hungan* had

796 tablishment of the family *maison de servitude,* a special ritual
[782] for Legba at the *barrière* was required. The one who took
charge threw some rum on the *boucan* that had been made for
Legba. Taking a candle, he struck the drums with it; then described *verver* and placed an egg on the white flour he piled
796 just inside the *barrière.* The rite proceeded no farther, how-
578 ever, for with the appearance of the head of the family, accompanied by his wife and son, who was the young man who had been possessed by Gede the first night of the *service,* a discussion arose which soon developed into a quarrel, because the family head felt that he had not been notified of this dance in the manner due his position. Finally with the cry: "If anything happens to the family because of this, I am not responsible," he departed in a rage. This was regarded as serious, because should a dance which ended an important rite be held with some of the family absent, the gods might be angered and serious consequences might follow. The woman, who had been instrumental in seeing that the *service* was given and had cared for most of the preparations, bravely decided to continue with the ritual, however, and the drumming was resumed.

796 533 Alcohol and flour were thereupon poured on the drumheads, while a number of songs were sung by all present:

539 [782]

Bonjou' manman, bonjou' papa,	Good-day, mamma, good-day, papa,
Ma p' mandé coumen nou' yè	I ask how are you.
Lan Guinée gangnin dent'.	In Guinea there are teeth.
Moin entré, moin entré,	I entered, I entered,
Ou pas salué moin.	You did not greet me.
Agoue-e, hunto	Agowe, hunto (spirit in the drum)
Agasu-e	Agasu-e
Agoué-e hunto, e-o.	Agowe hunto, e-o.

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Jean Pétro,	Jean Pétro,
Depuis moin sorti la ville	Since I left town
Moin apé cassé pié moin.	I have broken my foot.
Ça qui fait petit moun fronté.	That is what makes the children impertinent.
Yawé-é-é	Yawé-é-é,
Gedenibo Mazaca	Gedenibo Mazaca,
M'apé rhélé Saints forts	I call the strong saints,
Yawé-é	Yawé-é-é,
Saints forts-é-é	Strong gods-é-é.
P'ti Garçon Lemba,	Little boy Lemba,
P'ti' pilon ça,	A small pestle he,
Na pilé yo, Lemba-o.	Crush them, Lemba-o.

Finally the instruments were lifted over the *barrière*, the *ogan* and rattles first, then the drums in order from smallest to largest, followed by the spectators. Ahead of the procession were *hunsi* with flags, and all continued singing until the *maison de servitude* and the *tonnelle* used during the *service* were reached. 796 [794]

The drums were carried about the house three times in procession before being taken inside. There, facing the place where the food had been offered — for the house was as yet quite bare, with no suggestion of an altar — the drums were beaten and songs sung to the Rada gods whose sanctuary this was. Though at the moment none of the good drummers had arrived, the drums were placed in line with the north end of the house, and the drumming for the dance commenced. Dancing began about the center pole, but no possessions occurred until shortly after eight o'clock. By that time better drummers had come, and the crowd had so increased that the drums were moved to accommodate those dancing, the drummers now having their backs to the front wall of the sacred house. A candle was attached to a peg of each drum, which,

796 A candle was attached to a peg of each drum, which,
[354] with the lantern that hung near the central post, gave unusually good light. However, as possessions began, the candles
[187] on the drums were extinguished as those possessed fell against them, and no more than one could be kept lighted.

793 With the arrival of the *hungan* at about half past nine, the
776 dancing became even more animated, and Ogun "came" as
539 soon as he took over the *manman* drum, but despite this, the
796 *hungan* continued the ritual invocation to call all the *loa:*

Moin rhelé Papa Legba, St. Jo,	I call Papa Legba, St. Joseph,
Moin rhelé Damballa papa,	I call Papa Damballa,
Moin rhelé Papa Damballa, St. Jo,	I call Papa Damballa, St. Joseph,
Moin rhelé Loko Atinsu, St. Jo.	I call Loko Atinsu, St. Joseph.
La vie nan mains Bon Dieu,	Life is in the hands of God,
Seigneur, moin rhelé Ogun Ferraille, St. Jo.	Master, I call Ogun Ferraille, St. Joseph.
Moin rhelé Damballa Wedo,	I call Damballa Wedo,
Moin rhelé Aida Wedo, Seigneur.	I call Aida Wedo, Master.
La vie nan mains Bon Dieu.	Life is in the hands of God.
Moin rhelé Papa Agasu, St. Jo, Dokwe Agwe,	I call Papa Agasu, St. Joseph, Dokwe Agwe,
Moin rhelé Maît' Ossange,	I call Master Ossange,
Moin rhelé Maît' St. Jean,	I call Master St. John,
Moin rhelé Gran' Siligbo,	I call Gran' Siligbo,
Moin rhelé Agwe Woyo,	I call Agwe Woyo,
Moin rhelé Loa 'Bitation,	I call the *loa* of the habitation,

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Moin rhelé Aizan,	I call Aizan,
Moin rhelé Sobo, St. Jo, Dokwe Agwe,	I call Sobo, St. Joseph, Dokwe Agwe,
Moin rhelé Papa Gede,	I call Papa Gede,
Moin rhelé toutes mystères.	I call all the gods.

When he had ended his song a number of the "salutes" were played on the drums, to which all danced backward in circles, ending the [illegible] in bows before the drums, which were rolling out the call. In the course of the evening a large number of gods were summoned, but, as would be expected, only the *loa* of the family came to this ceremony. Possessions were observed for Legba, Damballa, Ogun Balandjo, Ogun Galloné, Ogun Ferraille, Gede, and Kadya Bosu. St. John, Ossange, Aizan, Ashadé Bokor, Gran' Bosu, Magie, Jean Pétro, Congo, Guinée, Sobo, Bade, and Agwe Woyo, were the *loa* who refused their summons. Though no deity held the center of the stage for too long a time, the evening was notable because it was marked by an unusually large number of Ogun and Damballa possessions, which seemed constantly to alternate. Damballa being the stronger *loa*, his appearance when Ogun was present necessitated the retirement of the latter; but since the possession of Ogun by one woman was particularly persistent, this god returned again and again. As at a number of dances, the *haut chant* for Ogun Galloné, the French marching-song that salutes the "general," was among the songs heard, when those possessed by the god skipped from one end of the *tonnelle* to the other before the drums.

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One particularly striking Damballa possession came on suddenly. As a tall, strong man was seized by the god, he gave a great shout and grasped the beams of the *tonnelle,* disappearing upward through the thatch. For a moment it did not seem that he had climbed on the roof of the *tonnelle,* until a head and arms which appeared between the palm fronds showed he

845 ample, long before ordinary folk.[8] If promised offerings in the
[789] event of an ample harvest, their aid in bringing about this
[782] desired end is even more fruitful than that of the *loa* or the
[769] dead, who are therefore appealed to only indirectly.

Twins, however, are capricious beings, ready to do harm if they are not humored. Consequently, twins must be given anything they ask for, and it is especially important to provide them with the clothes they covet, when giving a *mangé marassa*. If their father fails to provide these new clothes, they
[153] will *kembé* (seize) him, and he may at once have an attack of fever or a bad toothache or earache; or, more likely still, he will be seriously constipated, since this is the punishment particularly favored by the *marassa*, just as the *loa* most fre-
845 quently send dysentery, and the dead cause headaches. If lack of resources makes it impossible to provide what they demand,
● [illegible] a painstaking explanation must be given them or they will
828 drive a person mad in the manner recounted in the following *marassa* myth:

> There were once twins, one good and one evil. They were working a field with another brother, but the evil one refused to help. The other two, therefore, said they would not give him any food. Because of this the evil twin drove the third brother insane. After they had long prayed that he reconsider, he finally agreed to restore sanity to his brother, but insisted on inflicting deafness as a punishment, so that this brother was deaf until he died.

845 At the birth of twins, special "twin plates" are provided
778 when their birth is announced to the *loa* — either before or
[769] after their Church baptism — where offerings to the spirits of twins are placed. Usually paired, the plates may be three in number, in which case the third is for the *dosu*, the child born after twins, who is believed to be even more powerful than twins themselves and is thus an important figure in the cult.

Preferably, these cult objects are made of pottery, joined by 845
a ligature in twos or threes, as required. The plates rest in a 778
box or on a small table which stands in a corner of an inner room of the house. If the family worshipping the twins is a poor one, joined calabashes or wooden plates are acceptable, and such are found more often in the valley of Mirebalais than pottery plates. The "altar" made by the plates is completed by an *image* — a chromolithograph — of the twin (776)
saints, Comas and Damien, placed on the wall above them.

The principal rite of the twin cult is the *mangé marassa.* 845
A minor ceremony, if the family has living twins or twins 769
recently dead, it is held, as has already been said, at Christmas and at harvest time; otherwise only at Christmas. Yams and salt fish are separately cooked, and a dish of beans mixed with olive oil is provided. In the morning this food is taken to a closed room, where it is deposited both in the *marassa* plates and in ordinary containers placed for those who attend the rite. As the offering is made, songs such as the following are 845 769 533 539
sung:

Marassa, m'a pé mandé,	Spirit of twins, I ask,
Ça wé la si 'ou content?	Are you content with what you see there?
Ago-e-e.	*Ago-e-e.*
Adoré nan pié Damballa,	Worship at the tree of Damballa,
Ago-e-e.	*Ago-e-e.*
Marassa bra,	Twins of the forest,
Marassa carrefour,	Twins of the crossroad,
M'a pé mandé,	I ask,
Ça wé la si 'ou content?	Are you content with what you see there?
Adoré nan pié humfort,	Worship at the *humfort,*
Assuré-e, ago!	Care for us, *ago!*
Marassa dé, trois, quatre,	Twins two, three, four,

845 769 [533] [539]

M'a pé mandé,	I ask,
Ça wé la si 'ou content?	Are you content with what you see there?

The food is eaten the same afternoon. If the twins are actually alive, everything they wear must be new and they must have identical clothes. At the sacrifice of the January harvest, native rice, cakes, okra, bananas, and one, two, or three chickens, designated by the twins themselves, are offered. The food is put in place, and as songs are sung it is left until the following day, when it is eaten. The worship of [184] twins differs markedly in various parts of Haiti. In Leogane, for example, some have such a ceremony only at harvest time, and have a greater *mangé marassa* every five years, when a goat and a chicken are killed and offered with the usual non-animal foods.

845 [171] [184] [769] Twins stand in a peculiarly intimate relation to each other, as might be expected from the traditional African belief that twins share a single soul, which, as far as could be determined, only survives in attitude in Mirebalais. Should one die, the living twin must put aside a bit of all food he eats, or a small part of any gift given him, for the other. If the twins are both girls, the attempt is usually made to have them betrothed and married at about the same time. If the female twin of a pair is married, she must give a present to her twin brother, and similarly her husband sees to it that his wife's male twin also receives a substantial gift from him as a peace offering, for it is dangerous to wait until the other decides on some overt mischief. The perplexing factor in dealing with twins is that they themselves often do not consciously will the trouble they bring. For example, should the twin of a married woman not feel friendly toward his sister's husband, though he might make a conscious effort to overcome this dislike, his spirit might proceed to use its full power to harass the man in such a way as to trouble the relationship of the couple.

People come and go
and, wearying of the singing, join the group outside the house, 764
where those playing games and the story-tellers are gathered. 524
One popular game is " forfeits," and a forfeit, if reclaimed by
a girl, requires the singing of a *chanson de romance*, or if by
a man, calls for the recitation of a poem or a humorous folk-
tale. Before a forfeit is returned, all sing to a hand-clapping [533]
accompaniment: [539] ●

C'est bien bon,	It is very good,
C'est bien bon,	It is very good,
Aha!	Aha!

Card-games, such as *mariai* (marriage), *trois-sept*, and *be-
zique*, are also played. All these games are entered into with
zest, for an important purpose in holding the wake is to amuse
the dead, whose body lies near by, and thus send him away in
good humor. When drinks are passed, the recipients must 764
make three libations before drinking, one explanation hold- [782]
ing that this is in accordance with the formula Father, Son,
and Holy Ghost, another that the offering is for the *loa*, the
dead, and the *marassa*. At about five o'clock in the morning
the angelus closes the wake, after which most of those present
leave, and only close friends and relatives remain to help with
preparations for the funeral. This must take place the day
following death, not only because of a legal requirement, but
because of the fact that were a body to remain unburied for
two nights, the expense of two wakes would have to be met.
Before the ceremony of burial takes place, small children are (775)
often passed over the coffin three times, in leave-taking, that [788]
the spirit of the dead may not return for them.

The funeral itself is held in accordance with the rites of the Church, the difference between funerals consisting principally in the elaborateness of the ritual and the length of time the church bells are tolled, which in turn is determined by the ability of the family of the dead to meet the varying fees. Thus at the funeral of the mother of the *député* from Mire-

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to do. The *loa* would come, but they wouldn't give him the same *connaissance*."

One of the most important of the forces behind all magic is the *Malt' Carrefour*, the Master of the Crossroads. The possible identity of this *loa* with Legba, who guards the entrance to houses and is also thought of as a guardian of the highways, was a question that could not be satisfactorily resolved, though it seems most likely that the two are quite distinct, since Legba is but rarely called upon when magic is being performed. One Haitian versed in magic stated: 789 776

> "The *Malt' Carrefour* is like the president. Legba is like a minister. God sent the *Malt' Carrefour*. He commands Baron Samedi. Before going to the cemetery to perform [black] magic you must pass the crossroads, and therefore he is able to restrain you if he is not properly worshipped. He commands Damballa. He commands the Rada and Pétro gods. He commands all the saints because all of these must pass the crossroads. Therefore when one has a *garde carrefour*, a person will die a death sent by God [that is, a natural death] and not one caused by *magie* or the *mystères*."

The *Malt' Carrefour* must be "paid" each year on All Saints' Day, when seven cents in copper coins are given and a white chicken is killed, cooked, and placed in a wooden container with rice, biscuits, cassava, potatoes, bananas, and other kinds of food, both cooked and uncooked, to be deposited at a crossroad with the statement: "Here is food; thank you for having cared for me. If evil *loa* wish to harm me, *Malt' Carrefour*, restrain them." As this is said, a candle is lighted and an invocation pronounced: 776 782

"Au nom de Malt' Carrefou'; au nom de Malt' Grand Bois; au nom de Baron Cimitière! Jodia, premier la [539]

776 782 [539] *Toussaint, voici un couvert moin porté ba ou. Ou gardé vot' enfant, comme vot' père et vot' mère dans la maison.* — In the name of the Master of the Crossroads; in the name of the Master of the Great Forest; in the name of Baron Cemetery! Today, the first of All Saints' Day, here are offerings I bring you. Guard your child as your father and your mother in the house."

[788] *Clairin* is thrown three times at each fork of the crossroads, and some is also sprinkled in the center and at each corner of the container of food. Three bits of earth are finally lifted from the corners of the crossroads and taken to the home of the worshipper. Here they are put in a plate with *clairin*, which is first lighted and then extinguished, so that the members of the family can anoint themselves with it and receive strength with which to face the new year.

789 821 Good magic has many expressions. Thus there is said to be secret knowledge, transmitted in certain families from generation to generation, of how to control the rains. Those who have control of magic of this sort are to be recognized when they are seen to be completely dry while walking in a downpour. Generally such powers are used to insure a rainless day for a *combite* or *service*, or to cause rain to fall the day after a *combite* has made the field ready for hoeing, or when the proper time for planting is at hand. Eventually, it is said, in response to a temptation too great to be resisted, the possessor [784] of such magic will put it to other, evil ends. Then sooner or later the punishment for this abuse of his knowledge is visited upon him, so that in the end he meets his death by being struck by the avenging lightning.

789 The most powerful type of protective magic is known as a *drogue*. One of the most potent of these — of the type referred to by Léger in commenting on the ox-tail carried by Hyacinthe, or such a one as tradition holds Christophe possessed, which gave him immunity from all but silver bullets — makes

with the words: "Tell it what you have to say. Tell it that you 789
are passing on to it all your pain, everything." When she had 793
finished, the *mambu* once again took the chick, holding its 825
head as she described three crosses on the ground with its
beak. She now put some of the earth in which she had made
the crosses into a white dish, returning the chick to the woman
and telling her to speak to it again, and this time to expectorate
three times into its open beak as she finished. The 789
mambu, holding the fowl in one hand, thereupon poured 793
some of the mixture from the bottle, and some *clairin*, in the
plate that contained the earth, lighting the *clairin* with her
free hand and directing the patient to rub her nipples with it.
Then she returned the bottle to the pregnant woman, telling
her to recount her need to it once more, and then to cork it.

The *mambu* next chewed some of the soap and rubbed it
over the cork to "seal" the bottle, saying: "When you send
a letter through the mail, you seal it," and instructed the pregnant
woman to place the bottle in her house and see to it that
it was not uncorked, for in it was contained her life and the
life of her child. "Open it before delivery and pass its contents
over your abdomen." A cord was put about the waist of the
woman and tied tightly, not to be untied until the growing
child in her womb should cause it to break of itself. While [533]
the *garde* was being made the *mambu* sang this song: [539]

M' pas 'ti bête,	I am not a little animal,
M' pas 'ti cochon,	I am not a little pig.
Pou' on covê,	That one can confine me,
Pou' on marré moin.	That one can tie me up.
Ça qui fait bien,	He who does good,
Cé bien li wé;	Good he will see;
Ça qui fait mal,	He who does evil,
Cé mal li wé.	Evil he will see.
Côté marré corde moin,	Where I tie my cord,
Yo passa la qui li.	They are stronger than it [the evil?].

In addition, the maker of the charm brought a candle with 789 him, and, more importantly, earth from the four corners of a crossroad.

All shutters and doors of the house where the ritual was performed were closed and barred so that no passer-by might report the performance to the authorities, inasmuch as the practice of magic in any form is severely punished and the house was in the town itself. This constituted a departure from the usual practice, for in ordinary cases the rite would have been carried out at a crossroad in the countryside, where chances of detection would be slight.

The maker of the charm began by kneading the earth he had taken from a crossroad into the form of a small pear, about the size of a child's fist. Then taking seven plus seven measures of thread, he first burned the ends and then passed the resulting bundle of fourteen strands repeatedly over one of the native beeswax candles, twisting and doubling it so that it made a length of substantial cord. When completed, he put it to one side and made another like it, saying as he did so: [539]

Au nom de St. Garde,	In the name of St. Garde,
Aujourd'hui, Lundi, nous cordé votre garde.	Today, Monday, we twine your *garde.*
Au nom de Mait' Carrefu',	In the name of the Master of the Crossroads,
Au nom de prière garde,	In the name of the prayer of charms,
Au nom Marie Shango,	In the name of Marie Shango,
Au nom de Gran' Malolu,	In the name of Gran' Malolu,
Qui marche accompagné Mait' Calfu'.	Who goes together with the Master of the Crossroads.

The purpose of this invocation was to summon both the Master of the Crossroads and his wife, Malolu, and the name of [776]

789 [776] the *loa* was pronounced as the cord was actually finished. *Clairin* was then poured in three places on the threshold and drunk by all present.

Seated on a mat, the dealer in magic next placed the molded earth near by and put a dish of cassava bread, cake, and corn and a bottle of *kola* beside it, with the seven coppers and the red cotton, while he placed a candle on an empty white plate and lighted it. From his pocket he took a thick white candle of his own, and a razor, with which he cut it into three pieces. He then removed his shoes. After two pieces of the candle
789 539 had been placed upright against the plate, the red cloth was torn in half and one portion of it, folded once, was laid on the white plate, the molded earth being set down in the center of this piece of cloth with the thread near by, as the officiant intoned:

Au nom Dieu de Tè'	In the name of the God of the Earth,
Au nom Dieu dit Fils,	In the name of God called the Son,
Au nom Dieu du Cièl,	In the name of God of the Sky,
Au nom de Ste. Vierge,	In the name of the Holy Virgin,
Au nom de St. Louis,	In the name of St. Louis,*
Au nom de Vierge de Ca'mel,	In the name of the Virgin of Carmel,
Voici poin' garde	Here is a *point garde*
Qui pr' allé marré ce soir, Lundi.	Which I am tying this evening, Monday.

He thereupon poured *clairin* on the four corners of the cloth and on the earth, " since the soul of Maît' Carrefour is in the earth."

Taking up the red cloth with the earth in it, he tied it with

[776]

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* The patron saint of Mirebalais.

the cord once over the center, and then at right angles so as 789
to form a cross, crying: "*A-i bobo!*" To hold the cloth in 539
place, he continued to pass the thread about the ball of earth
again and again, though according to no special design after
the first right angle had been made. As he did this, he sang: [533]

Garde la monté.	This *garde* is fashioned.
Dié nou e-e na coffré yo-o	O God, close them-o.
Moin dit garde la monté.	I say this *garde* is fashioned.
Dié nou e-e na coffré yo-o	O God, close them.
Garde-e, na coffré yo.	*Garde-e,* close them.
Calefou', cé nou minmé,	Crossroads, it is we who are here,
Nou Pemba pa joué.	Pemba, do not play.
Ça nou minmé.	It is we who are here.
Loa Pemba, joué na joué,	*Loa Pemba,* playing he plays,
Magie loa,	*Loa* of magic,
Magie Calfou',	Magic of the Crossroads,
Ça nou minmé.	It is we who are here.

His singing was interrupted by this invocation:

Au nom de Dieu,	In the name of God,
Au nom de Sainte Vierge,	In the name of the Holy Virgin,
Au nom de St. Louis,	In the name of St. Louis,
Au nom de Marassa,	In the name of the Twins,
Voici poin' garde pou' épargné malin esprits marché dans la nuit.	Here is a charm to foil the evil spirits who walk by night.
Au nom de Saints du Cièl,	In the name of the Saints of the Sky,
Au nom de Saints de Tè',	In the name of the Saints of the Earth,

789
539

Au nom de Saints de la Lune,	In the name of the Saints of the Moon,
Au nom de Saints des Étoiles,	In the name of the Saints of the Stars,
Au nom de Saint de Vent,	In the name of the Saint of the Wind,
Au nom de Saint de Tempête,	In the name of the Saint of the Tempest,
Voici yun garde protection pou' marché dans la nuit,	See, here is a *garde* which gives protection as one walks at night,
Pou' Malt' Calefu'.	For the Master of the Crossroads.

[533] The entwining of the *garde* ended with this song:

Zoumba-é, ai papa, ai manman,	*Zumba-é, ai* father, *ai* mother,
Calefu' barré yo,	The Crossroads bars them,
Cimitière barré yo,	The Cemetery bars them,
Moin monté garde moin,	I fashion my *garde,*
Ai manman, ai papa,	*Ai* mother, *ai* father,
Zoumba-é-é.	*Zumba-é-é.*

789 With the specially treated earth from the crossroads now safely enclosed in its red cotton, the officiant placed it in a white plate and made *verver* about it, using cinders which are termed *farine Guinée,* "the flour of Guinea," and lighted two bits of red candle. The *verver* circled the plate, and also described two long straight lines which crossed at right angles at the center of the circle, each being terminated by a candle — two large and two small. On the floor, near one of the large candles, the seven coppers were placed, and four small piles of cinders were heaped inside the circle, in the following manner:

789 making this *garde*. I have not obligated anyone else in any way."

789 539 He now poured *clairin* on the plate, lighted it, and stepped five times over the fire, twice turning the *garde* about in the flame, rubbing his face, hands, and head with the burning liquid, as he pronounced the following invocation:

Au nom de Maît' Grand Bois,	In the name of the Master of the Great Forest,
Qui soldat Maît' Carrefour,	Who is a soldier of the Master of the Crossroads,
Au nom Maît' Cimitière,	In the name of Malolu, of the Cemetery,
Au nom de Malolu,	In the name of Malolu,
Au nom de Kadia-Bosu,	In the name of Kadia-Bosu,
Qui soldat Maît' Carrefour nan toute pays,	Who is the soldier of the Master of the Crossroads in all countries,
Voici un couvert qui preparé ce soir pou' 'ou.	Here is an offering prepared this evening for you.

Extinguishing the *clairin,* he relighted it and repeated what he had just done as another Haitian, a spectator, commented: "If it were not a good *garde,* he would be burned." Finally [533] he sang the following song, which ended this part of the ceremony:

Garde la wé magie carrefou',	This *garde* sees the magic of the Crossroads,
Moin pralé sond'é point.	I am going to test a charm.
Magie cimitière,	Magic of the cemetery,
Moin pralé sond'é point.	I am going to test a charm.

789 The officiant, gathering up the food, the plate, the candles, and the remaining half of the red cloth, prepared to go to

the crossroads, where he alone would have to conduct the 789 brief rite that was necessary to complete the making of this *garde*. As he arrived at his destination — this portion of the description is his — the plate was put down with the *kola* beside it, and *clairin* was poured on the ground. The lighted candles were placed near by, and with arms outstretched, he [539] ● spoke the following formula:

Au nom de Mait' Carrefour,	In the name of the Master of the Crossroads.
Voici un couvert sec deposé jodi-a, Lundi.	Here is an offering placed today, Monday.
Au nom de Mait' Gran' Bra,	In the name of the Master of the Great Forest,
Ce couvert est pou' vous.	This offering is for you.
Mait' Carrefou', pour garde moin, sorti pou' 'ou.	Master of the Crossroads, for [the sake of] my charm, which comes from you.
Moin mandé pou' gardé	I ask that you protect me
Nan tout ces moin capab' trouvé moin	In all I may encounter
Pou' bien, nan pou' mal.	Of good, and of evil.

Before leaving the crossroads, the maker of the *garde* touched [788] the plate and bottles three times to earth, calling the names of Master of the Crossroads, Master of the Great Forest, and Master of the Cemetery.

While the nature and forms of good magic that have been 789 thus far discussed show a characteristic African pattern, the 177 presence of the factor of medieval European magic is evident, though this is not as sharply identifiable here as in the functioning of the less pleasant aspects of these supernatural powers. That this merging of two traditions is fundamental in all Haitian magical practice must nevertheless be patent to all who have had experience with it, unless in their intentness on

cultures, is used not only to point morals for the young but as 538
an expression of the characteristically oblique forms of Negro 178
expression in a quarrel, or in sounding a warning, or in commenting acidly on some social situation. A famous proverb, 539
quoted from the earliest days, is today heard often in Mireba- 538
lais: "*Zafai' mouton pas zafai' cabrit* — The affairs of the 178
sheep are not the affairs of the goat" — an injunction against gossip. When a person boasts that no one can harm him, the reply may come: "It is on a narrow path that one has to deal with a difficult horse." Should a man dismiss an experience as of but little consequence to him, he may hear the comment: "Often one pays an ox for a goat." When one person does harm to another, his victim may warn him with the phrase: "Behind the mountains are other mountains." If a man whose fortunes are flourishing attempts to console another who has suffered misfortune, or a rich man jibes at a poor one, the retort may be: "The rock under the water doesn't know how the rock in the sun suffers." To such an extent do proverbs comment on all aspects of life that almost no extended conversation occurs without them. Some of these are of European origin, but both numerically and in their use their character is preponderantly African, as is shown by their specific correspondence to proverbs used today in the regions from which the Negroes of Haiti were derived.[*]

In the practice of magic, and more especially of black magic, 789
it has been noted that African and European traditions have 178
combined into an integrated cultural unit. The outward ex- 177
pression of magic in the charm or "fetish" as an aspect of 754
African life is so obvious that it has been commented on by all observers. In Haiti, though the charms are not prominently displayed and personal charms especially are worn beneath the clothing, this concept of their importance in coping with life has been retained. Yet, as has been seen, Haitian magic is not African alone. For while the forces behind protective magic are primarily the *loa*, and those behind black magic are

789 754 177 178 the powers that control the souls of the dead and those creatures of evil whose powers come from Satan — all this being African enough, in the sense that evil magic exists in Africa as elsewhere — the point, which bears repetition, is that the primary sanctions for evil magic have been reinforced by the books of magic handed down from medieval Europe.

789 177 178 In this system, however, not only do European books of magic figure, but the Church also has its place. "The things of the Church are always affairs of magic," remarked one Haitian, meaning that they are best adapted to this purpose and are used when the opportunity is had. It is for this reason that great care is taken to keep all sacred objects in churches from the hands of unauthorized persons. To have something that has come from a church, such as a bit of a priest's robe or a few splinters from the statue of a saint, enlists the power of these on behalf of any objective that the maker of magic has in view, and invests any *garde* made with these with the power of God Himself. Thus the twofold meaning of the proverb:
[539] "*Vrai maré corde, vrai wanga, c'est l'Eglise* — The real tying of the cord, the true *wanga*, is the Church," or, similarly: "*Vrai hungan c'est l'Église* — The true *hungan* is the
[754] Church." However, whether it be through such African-like practices as the use of colored cloth, or caolin, or the tying of knots, or whether objects filched from the sanctuary of the church be employed, evil magic, derived alike from African and European sources, continues as a potent force of Haitian peasant life. For perhaps in magic more than in any other aspect of his culture has the peasant achieved a synthesis of the two currents that have contributed to his civilization. He has taken from both, and inasmuch as both adhere to a more general pattern which marks all the Old World, neither tradition has had to give way to the other.

534 778 788 [777] for all uses to which those of their type are put. During their making and after their completion they had been sanctified by rites that vividly illustrate the merging of traditions in Haitian religion: by means of offerings to the African gods, and through baptism by the rites of the Church.[3]

796 777 778 The *action de grâce* is another integral part of *vodun* ceremonialism that is essentially Catholic, since its lengthy service is composed entirely of prayers and hymns of the Church. As has been shown, the *action de grâce,* which precedes a *vodun service,* takes place before an "altar" which, important both then and at the later, more African rites, in itself documents in no small measure the combining of Catholicism and *vodun.* One, employed at a *service* not described in the earlier chapters, was covered with a red and white checked table-cloth, on top of which a smaller white cloth was spread.* [353] [776] Pinned to the canopy and to the front of the table-cloth were various chromolithographs of the saints; St. Michael attacking the Devil, Mater Dolorosa, St. James, the Virgin Mary and Jesus (the Assumption), and St. Expeditius. In front of the representation of St. James stood a crucifix with the figure of Jesus, in accordance with the custom of never omitting to have one of these at any *vodun* ceremonial. The table bore many offerings; at the back were four bottles of soft drinks, with cups; while also to be seen were several hard rolls, an ear of corn, a dish containing eggs, and another holding, among other things, rice. One of the containers on the table held holy water, while candles for use both in the *action de grâce* and in the later *vodun* rituals lay beside this. Thus crucifix, candles, pictures of the saints, and holy water were combined in this ceremony with offerings of food and drink to be given the gods that the ancestors had brought from Africa.[4] [538] [539] The songs sung at the voduistic portions of these *services* also reflect the psychological unity of Catholic and African elements in *vodun* worship. One of these declares:

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* This altar is shown in the illustration facing p. 192.

776

777 *Je crois en Dieu,*	I believe in God,
778 *Oui, Santa Maria.*	Yes, St. Mary.
533 *Santa Maria,*	St. Mary,
539 *Qui sorte nan Guinée.*	Who came from Guinea.
Je crois en Dieu,	I believe in God,
Oui, Santa Maria.	Yes, St. Mary.

Another for the Virgin of Allada, sung in Leogane, is as follows:

Santa Maria la Madaleine,	St. Mary Magdalene
Prié pou' loa yo.	Pray for their *loa.*
O Allada-e,	O Allada-e,
Sonné une sonne pou' moin,	Ring a bell for me,
Pour m'allé.	So I may go.
M'dit, Allada-o,	I say, Allada-o,
Sonné une sonne	Ring a bell
Pou' les pitites nagé.	For the drowned children.

353 778 776 771 777 Of these elements, the portraits of the saints, or *images,* offer one of the most vivid instances of the mingling of African and European elements in Haitian belief, for they are the outward symbol of the psychological reconciliation that has been effected between the saints of the Church and the African deities. This is nothing peculiar to Haiti alone. In West Africa, wherever Catholicism has obtained something of a foothold, certain pagan deities are regularly identified with saints of the Church, and the same phenomenon is found in Cuba [8] and Brazil.[9] This identification of saints with the *loa,* whether initiated as a ruse against the detection of African worship or emanating from a reasoned analogy, would seem in Haiti, at least, to act as a device to achieve an adjustment between two conflicting systems by emphasizing the resemblance between Catholic saints and African nature deities.

353 778 776 777 The importance of the *images* as symbolizing the reconcilia-

gory is St. John the Baptist, worshipped as *loa* St. Jean Baptiste, who sends the thunder and lightning. The power and irresponsibility which characterize him contrast strangely with the gentle child holding a lamb, shown on the *image*. The connection becomes apparent in the light of African mythology, however, where the ram is the emblem of the god of thunder, while following this same belief lambs are sacrificed to St. Jean Baptiste in Haiti. The following myth is told of him: 776 177 [539] ●

> On a given day of the year God permits each saint to have control over the universe. St. John the Baptist, however, is so irresponsible, and his rage so violent, that God fears the consequences if he were allowed to exert his power on his day. By plying him with drink the day before, he is therefore made so drunk that when he falls asleep he does not awaken for five days. When he is told his day has already passed, his rage is so terrible that great storms flay the earth, and it is a commonplace in Mirebalais that this day is marked by thunder and lightning storms of almost hurricane proportions. Though he can do some damage, his power is now limited, however, to his own sphere.

In the second category are the forces of nature personified and worshipped as saints. Among those specifically named were St. Soleil (St. Sun), St. la Lune (St. Moon), Sts. Étoiles (St. Stars), and St. la Terre (St. Earth). Even more striking is the concept that the power capable of bringing reverses is to be worshipped, as a copy of an *oraison* to St. Bouleversé which was obtained clearly shows: [821] 776 177 539

> St. Bouleversé, you who have the power to overturn the earth, you are a saint and I am a sinner. I invoke you, and I take you for my patron from today onward. I send you to seek out such-and-such a one; overturn his head,

177 776 534 overturn his memory, overturn his thought, overturn his house, overturn for me my enemies visible and invisible; cause the thunder and the tempest to break them into pieces. And in honor of St. Bouleversé, three Paters and three Ave Marias. . . .[8]

771 177 796 Thus it is seen how Catholicism invades the beliefs and rites of the *vodun* cult. In an analogous fashion *vodun* has not failed to make itself felt in certain festivals of the Church,[9] for while elements of *vodun*, rigidly suppressed inside the Catholic churches, are absent except in so far as they can be carried on surreptitiously, they are nevertheless integral parts of these fêtes in the minds of the folk who make pilgrimages to them. So arresting is the resulting mingling of practices, and so significant for the amalgamation of cultures that has taken place in Haiti, that a detailed discussion will be given of the most prominent instance of this type, the festival in honor of the Virgin of the Palms, which takes place each year on July fifteenth at Ville-Bonheur, or, as it is better known, at Saut d'Eau. The festival of 1926 has been described by Price-Mars;[10] here certain observations made during the fête of 1934 may be given, especially as they have to do with those aspects of the mythology which validate the festival, and as they illustrate the non-Catholic, voduistic phases of the celebration, of importance for the points being considered in this chapter.

778 177 787 [776] [538] Beside the church, Ville-Bonheur has three especially sacred spots, St. John, En bas Palmes, and Saut d'Eau — the falls themselves. At St. John is a large *campêche* tree surrounded by many palms, from beneath which flow streams of water. St. John is said to have appeared here, carrying his scepter as in the chromolithographs, and at that time water began to flow in the sacred springs, and except for one short period has continued ever since as holy water, being used for drinking and bathing, but never for purposes of cooking. The priests

2: Courlander SV3 Haiti SV3

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[For the texts of Haitian songs, see category 116, pp. 138-169.]

of the Catholic Church and fused with old folk beliefs of Europe. In 776
Dahomey, which was the wellspring for much of Haiti's culture, there 171
was no supreme deity quite like the one introduced to the slaves by the 177
missionaries. There was a pantheon of gods with Mawu and Lisa at the 797
top. They were children of a common parent, Nananbuluku. None of these deities was strictly comparable to our idea of a supreme being. Nananbuluku survives in Haiti as Nananbouclou or Nananbélécou, one of many loa. Among the neighboring Yoruba the high god was Olorun. Like the Dahomean Mawu and Lisa, Olorun was quite remote from the lives of men. The gods who were invoked and placated were the several hundred *orisha* created by Olorun. The nearby Ashanti people had a simpler pantheon, with the sky god Nyame supreme among them.

In the present Haitian concept of the supernatural, God is at the very 771
apex of the pantheon, though he is distinctly of another order. His power 776
as the supreme source of all things is fully recognized. A Haitian song, 78
associated with Vodoun ritual but of probable recent origin, goes:

> C'est Bondieu qui voyé moin, quand li vlé moin l'apprend. [Ex. 37] [539] ●
>
> It is God who sent me, when he wants me he'll take me.

Another song, from the Guinée service, goes:

> Oh, Kitta, oh so'ti nan dleau, li tout mouillé!
> Oh, nen point houngan passé Bondieu nan pays-ya! [Ex. 36]
>
> Oh, Kitta comes out of the water, he is dripping wet!
> Oh, there is no houngan in this country greater than God!

Although it is recognized, or at least stated, that God is a supreme force, God is not regarded as the entire supernatural force of the world. In many Vodoun services the houngan may invoke, as separate categories of the unseen, the loa, the dead, the *marassas* (twin spirits), and God. Haitians do not have a consistent schematized picture of the supernatural world. God comes first, but (as in West Africa) he is less immediate than the loa. He is identified with destiny; yet within the framework of that destiny man's lot can be bettered or worsened through dealings with the dead, the baka and lou-garos (demons and vampires), and the cult priests.

In many of the folk tales of Haiti, God appears as another character in 776
a cast which may include as protagonists animals, loa, Christian saints, 539
and ordinary men and women. One such tale is about a visit which all the dogs decided to pay to God. They started off through the woods together, but one of them was distracted by the smell of carrion. He left his friends for a brief time, found the carrion, and ate some of it. Then he hurriedly joined his companions again. Together they came to God's house and were admitted to the parlor, where they sat around making polite conver-

776 sation with God and one another. But after a while God caught the scent
539 of the carrion which was still smeared on the nose of the dog who had eaten it. He sniffed the air several times to test the unpleasant odor. Misjudging it, he concluded that one of the dogs had befouled his parlor, and he demanded to know who had done this impolite thing. The dogs were deeply concerned that one of their party had desecrated God's house. They immediately began to run around smelling each other to determine who the culprit was. But they never found the evidence, because it was on a dog's nose. The dogs still, to this day, are trying to discover who committed a deed that never actually happened.

In some of the tales God competes in the real world with other supernatural and natural forces. One story tells how he was overcome by a Vodoun priest:

A houngan named Bocor Zandolite once held a great ritual service. People came from the whole countryside. It was a long service, scheduled to last for seven weeks. Chickens, goats, and bulls were sacrificed. The finest drummers in the country were drumming. Everyone danced, and the celebration went on day after day, night after night, without stopping. The noise was deafening. God heard it. It kept him from sleeping at night, and in the daytime he could not concentrate on his work. Finally, God decided he would have to put a stop to it. So he called St. John and instructed him to go down and order Bocor Zandolite to bring the service to an end. St. John went down and approached the gate of Bocor Zandolite's hounfor. Bocor Zandolite met him at the gate. He took St. John by the hand. St. John sang:

> Factionnaire ouv'é bayè pou' moin passé!
>
> Guard, open the gate for me to pass!

And Bocor Zandolite replied by singing:

> Wa wa-ilé londja londja!
> Bocor Zandolite wa wa ilé londja londja! [Ex. 38]

[This is supposed to represent the houngan talking *langage*.] Then he shook St. John's hands three times and pirouetted him around, first to the left and then to the right. Suddenly St. John staggered and began to talk *langage*. He grasped the center pole of the dance court and twirled round and round it. Then Bocor Zandolite gave him a lighted candle and a glass of water, and St. John spilled a bit of the water on the ground in honor of the loa who had entered his head.

When a week went by and St. John didn't come back, God became angry. The noise of the drumming and singing was getting worse. So he called St. Patrick and sent him down to stop the ceremony. St. Patrick approached the hounfor and sang: 776 539

Factionnaire ouv'é bayè pou' moin passé!

And again Bocor Zandolite came to the gate and sang:

Wa wa ilé londja londja!
Bocor Zandolite wa wa ilé londja londja!

He took St. Patrick by the hands, pirouetted him around, and a loa came into St. Patrick's head, too.

Another week went by, and when St. Patrick didn't return, God sent St. Michael. The same thing happened to St. Michael. God then sent St. Anthony, and later he sent St. Peter. But when St. Peter didn't return, God became very angry indeed. He hadn't slept for weeks. So he decided to go down himself and put an end to the affair. He approached the hounfor singing "Factionnaire ouv'é bayè pou' moin passé!" And Bocor Zandolite replied as he had before. He took God by the hands to greet him. He shook hands downward three times, then he pirouetted God to the right and to the left. God suddenly staggered and reeled from one end of the habitation to the other. The drummers beat a special salute, and the singers sang loudly and clapped their hands, for God had a loa in his head.

This tale appears to relish the superiority of the loa over God. Yet there is no sense of sacrilege. Although the Haitian concept of God is that of a supreme force, and a source of good, the Christian deity also has some of the attributes of paramount gods in certain West African religious systems which make him less remote and even, on occasion, somewhat fallible. He figures in Haitian lore very much like the Ashanti sky god, Nyankonpon, who has dealings with animals and human beings and is sometimes outwitted by them. Although Nyankonpon has the power to dispense favors, justice, and punishment to mortals, he himself lives within, rather than superior to, a well-established physical system. His marvelous deeds are only slightly superior to those of other, lesser gods, or of sorcerers, or of the trickster Anansi. In fact, in one Ashanti tale Nyankonpon finds himself very much in the same situation as God in the Haitian tale, being forced to dance to the music of the trickster's drum. 776 539 171 177

The Christian saints, too, have been incorporated into the Haitian system, and they also have been syncretized with Vodoun elements. They have become identified with various loa according to their most obvious characteristics. St. Patrick, because he is always pictured with snakes, has become one with Damballa and Ayida, who are also symbolized by snakes. Ézilie Fréda, the female loa characterized by purity, has become 776 177

rites took place in the region of Plaisance in northern Haiti. Such a cere- 764
mony, Simpson notes, may be attended by several houngans other than 766
the Vodoun priest who is officially in charge. They "share the obligation 793
and pleasure of conducting this service for their colleague, their former 776
rival, and perhaps their former enemy." In a room of the deceased houngan's house is the body, attended by the family, relatives, close friends, and the officiating houngan and his assistants.

. . . Near the body, which is covered by a sheet, are placed a jug and a new canari (a large earthen jar). The officiating houngan makes the sign of the cross, mumbles a few ritual formulas, and taking a spoon puts some "manger les morts" (special food for the dead) in the canari: plantains, yams, bananas, tairauts, sweet potatoes, corn meal, roasted corn, bread, cakes, rice, millet, meat, chicken, pistachio, chopped coconut, and other kinds of food. He then adds some water and stirs this mixture. . . . The other houngans perform the same rite. The family, friends, and others in the room imitate the acts of the houngans with the green branches which they hold in their hands. In a grave voice and with solemn gestures the officiant then appeals to the *loas* with songs and prayers. He invites them to come to the aid of their faithful servant, to protect him in the other world as they have protected him in this world.
Following the songs and prayers the leader pronounces these words: 764

"Innocent! A good man has left us! 766
The mother of the children weeps. 793
Weep, console yourselves. 776
Boss Accelon, he was here. 539
He died.
Master Pierre Jean-Baptiste, he was here.
He died.
General Baptiste, he was here.
He died.
Marius who was left,
He died.
But Brother Joseph survives,
We will cry, we will console ourselves." [9]

The weeping and the cries redouble, but the *père-savanne* [prèt' savane] and the houngan carry on. In the other room the *père-savanne* solemnly intones:

"I have only one soul
Which must be saved.
By the eternal flame,
I must preserve it." [10]

The officiating houngan speaks directly to the dead man: "Boss Marius, here is a canari that your heirs have especially prepared for you so that in the future you will not have any trouble and demand other sacrifices of them. You others, the dead, are always unreasonable. Because you have peace you forget that the times are hard and that on this earth we unfortunate men are crushed by suffering. Leave your family in peace after this service, Boss Marius. Do not torment them, and do not send illnesses to their children or misery to their older people. You were always a good

[9] [As translated by Courlander from Simpson's Creole text, ibid., p. 156. The preceding paragraph is from p. 155. Cf. p. 350, Category 116. -- Analyst]

[10] [Translated by Courlander from the Creole of Simpson's text. Cf. p. 350, Category 116. -- Analyst]

764 766 793 776 father when you were living. Continue to protect your family after death. If you need other services give abundantly to your heirs in order to obtain satisfaction. Oh, good father, good servant, good parent, good friend! Good-bye! Do not forget us as we shall not forget you."[11]

[539] Then the houngan goes to the canarie, strikes it three times with a piece of palm bark, and chants an invocation to the loa and to God, while members of the family dance where they stand, shaking the green branches they hold. There follows an invocation to twins. After a number of loa [787] have "entered" the service, as manifested by possessions, the houngan undertakes to find out how death came to the deceased man. An assistant brings the sacred divining shells[12] of the dead man, and the officiating houngan throws them on the floor, pours tafia three times, and lights a candle. The shells are then consulted. Three times he goes through the procedure of casting the shells and consulting them. Later he announces [775] that "the death of Boss Marius is not the death of an ordinary man, that he is now resting in La Ville-au-Camp (capital of the loas which is 'under the water'), and that the loas will continue to protect his descendants provided that they show themselves worthy of protection."[13] There is more singing and ritual, and then the canarie is covered. The loa from the head of Marius has found a temporary resting place. A little later in the service "the houngan raises the canari as high as possible, almost as high as his face, as he repeats the last line: 'Where may I find refuge?' With a quick movement the canari is shattered. The food is scattered, the loas are satisfied, and the crowd breaks into disorderly flight. . . ."[14] A few hours later the body of the deceased is buried.

764 184 776 It is obvious that these rituals vary a good deal according to regional practices and according to the importance of the persons for whom they are conducted. Furthermore, there is a good deal of difference of opinion among Haitians as to what actually takes place when the mait' tête is taken from the head of the deceased man.

793 764 184 Although the prêt' savane (bush priest) is subsidiary to the houngan at death rites, his is nevertheless a conspicuous presence. He may begin the services with prayers for the dead, in which the family joins, while the houngan remains in the background. Later, the houngan takes over. In certain regions, however, the prêt' savane is dispensed with altogther, his function being absorbed by the houngan.

764 As reported by Herskovits, the wake for the dead is one of the most important ceremonies in the death rites. He says:

> [766] **Wakes are held for all dead, even for very young children if they have been baptized, though if a baby dies before baptism, it is buried without ceremony in a little box in the courtyard of the habitation. . . . The wife and the children either stay**

[11] [This and the preceding paragraph are from Simpson, *op. cit.*, p. 156. Cf. p. 350, Category 116.--Analyst]

[12] [For footnote, see Category 116, p. 350.--Analyst]

[13] [Simpson, *op. cit.*, p. 159. Cf. p. 350, Category 116.--Analyst]

[14] [*Ibid.*, p. 161. Cf. p. 350, Category 116.--Analyst]

769 the *caré*, a bogan-like structure made of bent saplings covered with cotton
793 cloth.

794 Rain had been threatening all evening, and now it began. Some people
796 crowded into the hut where the goat was being barbecued. Others came
(346) into the hut where the houngénicon lay; in the back room, with the pé, Chébo, l'Autorité, strutted and shook hands with the visitors. The straw roof leaked a little, but no one minded very much. The houngan and his houngénicon, who had been under a strain, relaxed. The rain would mark the length of the intermission. Except for the sound of the rain and "Chébo's" *langage*, there was no noise. No one spoke. Then the houngan,
769 his eyes closed, began to sing an Ibo song.

793
796 Ibo Lazile oh, éya!
Grand gout manqué tuyé moin!
● 539 A la yun an six mois m' sous la mer,
Grand gout manqué tuyé moin!

Ibo Lazile, oh, éya!
Hunger has not killed me!
One year and six months I have been under the sea,
Hunger has not killed me!

The others sang responsively:

Ibo Lazile, oh, Ibo!
Ibo grand gout pas tuyé'm, Ibo!

Ibo Lazile, oh, Ibo!
Ibo, hunger has not killed me, Ibo!

After a while the houngan called "Abobo!"—which was the signal to conclude. The rain was still coming down, and he called "Abobo!" for the rain to cease also. But it did not stop, and everyone laughed. He began another song, also Ibo:

Ianman Ibo lélé!
Ianman Ibo lélé!
Pilé pied'm mandé pardon,
Ça pardon wa fai pou moin?
Ça ou gainyan con ça? [Ex. 80]

Ianman Ibo lélé!
Ianman Ibo lélé!
Step on my foot and ask my pardon,
What will the pardon do for me?
What do you have [what are you doing] like that?

And the others came in, spiritedly:

Ianman, oh, un hunh!
Ianman, con ça'm dansé Ibo!
Ianman, oh, un hunh!

Ianman, oh, un hunh!
Ianman, like this I dance, Ibo!
Ianman, oh, un hunh!

769 houngan carried out the large round basket in which lay the bottles and
793 the pierre-loas. The hounsi gathered around it, ten of them, to carry it to
794 the *card*. In the bottles were *les morts en bas dleau* (the spirits of the dead
796 from below the water). Carrying the flags, three hounsi danced, singing,
787 up to the *card*. After them the laplace came, carrying *in his left hand a*
plate of maize flour from which he made vèvès in the line of advance, simple
marks symbolizing the crossroads. The drums were beating a special
salute to the loa. The ten hounsi carrying the basket danced and sang. As
they moved up the hill, they rotated, so that the basket revolved like the
[535] hub of a wheel. Their progress was not smooth, however; they jerked forward
and backward as they rotated. Arriving before the *card*, first one,
then a second, was entered by her loa. They fell, jerked, and stumbled.
This was all a very good omen. The houngan called "Abobo!" for them
to resist such possession, and the hounsi all sat down on the ground. The
houngan placed the basket inside the *card* and entered after it. He called
for his little bell, which the laplace passed in to him. The laplace closed
the flap down tight, from the outside, and placed the flags against it.

[539] Upon a signal given from within, the hounsi began a song:

La famille semblé,
Oh semblé nous!*
La famille semblé,
Oh nous semblé pou nou pa'lé parole nous là!
La famille semblé!

The family gathers,
Oh, we gather!
The family gathers,
Oh, we gather to speak our words here!
The family gathers!

769 The laplace took his position, his back to the *card*, while inside, because
796 of the candle burning there, the houngan could be seen setting out the
787 contents of the basket. The candle went out, and in the *card* the little bell
[794] began to tinkle. The singing stopped. The houngan was beginning to
[793] talk to the dead below the water. First he talked *langage*. Then his voice
was heard through the constant sound of the tiny bell, supplicating Papa
Loko to talk a little bit with his "children." A faint, tremulous voice, that
of a tired old grandfather, was heard to answer. Papa Loko was stirring
himself out of a long silence. He talked a long while to the houngan.
Sometimes they both spoke at once. Faintly he was heard to say that he
had come a long way to see his children, and that he was very tired. But
as he talked his strength returned to him, and, asking the houngan to
wait, he spoke directly to his "children," who sat, respectfully and awed,

around the *card*. Here everyone participated. This was why they had 769
come. Benevolently Papa Loko greeted them: "Bonjou, ti moune moin 796
yo, c'est Papa Loko" (Good day, all my children, this is Papa Loko). Together 787
they all answered eagerly: "Bon soir, Papa!" "Bon soir, Grand!" "Bon soir, cher Papa!" "Bon soir, cher Loko!" Papa Loko told them about his journey, and persons long dead whom he had seen below the water, and he passed on the news from the island below the sea. Then he began to address them singly, asking questions, giving news of dead relatives, and showing a vital interest in the problems of his "children." They answered him. "Oui, Papa," and "Non, Papa Loko," and took deeply to heart anything he said, whether praise or criticism: [539]

Bon jour, Télisman!	Good day, Télisman!
Bon soir, Papa!	Good evening, Papa!
Comment nou yé, Télisman?	How are you, Télisman?
Tout bien, Papa Loko!	Everything is fine, Papa Loko!
C'est ou même qui travaille tres dit?	Are you one who works very hard?
Oui, Papa, moin travaille an pile.	Yes, Papa, I work a great deal.
Ou travaille pou' vié maman ou?	You care for your old mother?
Oui, Papa.	Yes, Papa.
Télisman, pitit moin, faut ou planté jardin ou encore. Graine, li pas bon.	Télisman, my child, you will have to plant your garden again. The seeds you planted are no good.
Merci, cher Loko!	Thank you, dear Loko!
Ou paco blié'm, Télisman.	You do not forget me, Télisman.
Non, cher Loko.	No, dear Loko.
Yo dit ou paillé travaille en ville.	They say you are going to work in the city.
Lé'm capab', Papa.	When I can, Papa.
Pas blié moune morne ça yo, Télisman.	Do not forget the people of the hills, Télisman.
Non, cher Loko, m' pas blié yo.	No, dear Loko, I will not forget them.
Papa ou dit'm ba ou bon soir pou'li.	Your father asked me to say good evening to you for him.
Merci, Papa.	Thank you, Papa.
Papa Loko fini pa'lé ou, Télisman.	Papa Loko is through talking to you, Télisman.
Merci, Papa.	Thank you, Papa.
Chongé 'm, Télisman.	Remember me, Télisman.

Papa Loko talked in turn to everyone in the family who was present, and inquired, sometimes suspiciously, after those who were absent. After many minutes, Papa Loko said regretfully that he had to go away, and bade them au revoir. They were all sorry he was leaving, because he was well loved. He spoke a few words with the houngan, and then his voice faded away. Only the tinkling of the little bell remained.

769
796
987
Then, faintly, came the broken voice of an old woman who was crying. The houngan said her children were waiting to see her, and asked her to enter. Moyise had been dead many generations already, but she was still crying over the circumstances of her death, and because she had left her children behind her. The houngan, speaking gently, asked her to try to stop crying because her children were waiting. Little by little she controlled herself. She greeted them all and talked with each member of the family in turn. She showed a special interest in the women and children and was concerned about family problems.

After Moyise went away, Docile, Moyise' daughter, came. She greeted them all and then complained that when she had died she had been buried in a grave near that of a thief; now she wished for her body to be moved. Alixe, on whose place the grave was situated, promised to take care of the matter, and Docile became placated. Her voice faded away. Inside the *card,* the houngan talked *langage* and rang his bell.

After Docile came Joseph and his son Jougleau. Joseph and Jougleau timed their entrance badly and came in together, both talking at once. The houngan tried to straighten out the situation, and for a moment the three of them were conversing simultaneously. Then Jougleau withdrew and returned when his father was through. After Jougleau came still later generations, represented by Ti Perci and her children, Na and Bernicia. Bernicia came crying bitterly about something. The houngan asked her to stop, because he could not bear to hear women crying. Everyone laughed, and Bernicia controlled herself.

[776] Then Damballa Wèdo, the ancient loa, came, speaking with an aged and broken voice. Feebly he sang his song in "African" language:

● [539]

Ago! Damballa Wèdo!
Oh Damballa Wèdo kian kian!
Oh Damballa Wèdo kian kian!
Oh ha ha ha Damballa Wèdo kian kian!
Oh Damballa Wèdo kian kian! [Ex. 39]

[776] Later, Damballa sang again, calling on Legba to act as witness to his words:

[539]

Ago-é Attibon Legba oh é!
Oh Damballa Wèdo é kélé manyan!
Oh gainyain jou' ya chongé moin là kélé manyan!
Oh Damballa Wèdo é kélé manyan!
Oh Ayida Wèdo é kélé manyan!
Oh gainyain jou' pou' chongé moin là kélé manyan! [Ex. 40]

Ago-é Attibon Legba oh *é!*
Oh, Damballa Wèdo *é, kélé manyan!*

Oh, a day will come when they will remember me here, *kèlè manyan!* 796
Oh, Damballa Wèdo *é, kèlè manyan.* 769
Oh, Ayida Wèdo *é, kèlè manyan!* 787
Oh, a day will come for you to remember me here, *kèlè manyan!* [539]

During the evening about twenty loa and ancestors came into the *caï* [776]
to talk. When the last had finished speaking the hills were already light,
and the service was over.

SERVICE FOR ÈZILIE FRÉDA AND ST. JACQUES MAJEUR

This service took place not in the open but under a tonnelle surrounded 796
by four walls, adjoining the hounfor of Alexis Stephan on the west fringes 776
of Port-au-Prince. Separate from the hounfor and dance court was a 346
shrine to the "dead" loa Gèdé Nimbo. The shrine was a small shed open
on one side. Within, lighted by flickering oil lamps, was a life-size effigy [532]
of Gèdé, a scarecrow-like figure dressed in the loa's traditional attire— [354]
black tail coat and trousers, and a tall opera hat. On the otherwise blank
face of the figure were smoked glasses with white rims.

The dancing was progressing under the supervision of the houngan's 796
adjutant, the laplace. He wandered among the drummers and dancers, [794]
encouraged the singing, and issued orders here and there. No one seemed
to take him very seriously. There was a good deal of joking, and the [522]
gathering seemed very much like an old-fashioned family reunion. There were perhaps a hundred dancers and spectators—friends, relatives, and devotees of Stephan's hounfor. Everyone was watching with affection an old woman who could not be restrained from dancing. She executed old classical steps and postures with a skill that called for running comment all around her. As each piece came to an end someone would step up to her and say something like: "Woy, Manman, mais ou passé mwê!" (Oh, Mother, you are better than me!). Then they would attempt to get her to sit down again, but she would only shake them off and urge the drummers to get going if they were not too tired.

Eventually, the houngan, Stephan, made a casual entrance through the [793]
door of his adjoining hounfor. He held the usual ritual rattle and bell in [534]
his hand, and sauntered around to chat with his friends.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the dancing became more serious. 796
Soon, only the hounsi, the female servitors, were dancing. The drums 776
played a salute to Legba, the first loa to be called upon in a Vodoun serv- [794]
ice. For it is Legba who opens all gates and all highways, and who paves the way for communication with other deities. Though he is not the greatest of the loa, he is one of the most ancient. The houngan spilled water on [782]
the ground as a libation, and the dancing continued.

his *zozo* (penis) to which his glasses were affixed. As the dance progressed, the possessions came rapidly. The possessed persons, men and women alike, leaped about the tonnelle, mimicking copulation. They broke drinking glasses on the ground, threw themselves upon the drummers, and careened and crashed into spectators and dancers. In the course of the service there were nearly twenty possessions—all of them noteworthy for their portrayal of Gèdé Nimbo as a loa who has contempt for proprieties. For he is the spirit of the cemetery, the one who laughs last and best. 776 787 796

Near the mountain town of Kenskoff I saw another service for Gèdé, which showed a different aspect of the loa of the graveyard. It took place inside the hut of a rural houngan, who was conducting the affair for his own immediate family and a few close friends. The hut itself was small. Its single room had been partitioned into two by hanging a sheet in the middle. On one side of the sheet a young child was lying on a mat next to the carefully stored Arada drums. On the other side the ceremony was taking place. Great bouquets of red flowers were arranged in a corner; above them hung a colored lithograph of the Christ child; below, on the floor, was a crude oil lamp with a floating wick. The floor area was no more than seven feet square, but at least twelve persons were crowded there, and others clustered in the doorway. Ritual flags leaned against the wall, one of red silk with a gold fringe, another of white silk with blue polka dots. A tiny space remained in the center of the floor for the houngan, whose "possession" by Gèdé was the feature of the service. [793]

The houngan was dressed in a black stovepipe hat, a blue blouse with white polka dots, and a black skirt over black trousers. In his hand he carried a walking stick. He smoked a pipe constantly, a variation of the customary cigarette. In the tiny space in the center of the room, the houngan—or, more properly, Gèdé Nimbo—danced. The houngan's personality had changed—his voice, his postures, all his mannerisms. He spoke only through his nose, for that is the way Gèdé talks, as though he had a cleft palate. 776 787 796 793

He whirled around and around, singing and talking *langage* in turn. His family sang: [539] ●

Gèdé-vi yo wè ago-é!
Gèdé-vi yo wè!
Papa Gèdé c'est loa!

It is Gèdé-vi they see, *ago-é!* *
It is Gèdé-vi they see!
Papa Gèdé is a *loa!*

---

* *Ago:* exclamatory, signifying "I am here."

776 He was the center of all eyes. Most of the time he danced alone, gyrating
787 recklessly. Sometimes he danced with his houngénicon. Those who
793 watched clapped hands and uttered sounds imitating drums, for drums
796 were not being used in this service. The houngan carried the inevitable
clochette, or tiny hand bell.

When newcomers arrived, Gèdé greeted them by shaking both their
hands downward, vigorously, three times. Then he wiped their faces
with his kerchief, a ceremony which he repeated from time to time. He
[535] danced with each of them a kind of Jenvalo step, simple, restrained, and
dignified. One of the visitors fell to his knees to converse with him.

The entire evening was built around the houngan's representation of Gèdé. Properly speaking, the houngan was not in a trance. He was in full possession of all his normal faculties and was conscious of the slightest inconveniences and disturbances. Several times the clay bowl of his pipe fell from the reed stem, scattering hot ashes on the ground, and each time he paused to allow the houngénicon to clear them away. Yet he was carried away by his certainty that he was Gèdé. The obvious conviction of those who watched seemed to fortify him in his role. As the evening wore on, he became more and more detached from his normal personality. His psychic condition was not that of one who had been "mounted" by a loa; it was, rather, a continuously progressive ecstasy.

776 Gèdé is, in fact, more than a loa of the cemetery; he is a personification
761 of death in all its macabre, humorous, and unpredictable aspects. Death is
not merely a thing dying; it is an entity, a positive force in nature. Death is
Gèdé Nimbo. I believe that when the houngan became Gèdé, all who had
crowded into his hut felt themselves to be in the presence of death itself.
Death, a dynamic, aggressive force, danced and pirouetted among them,
talking the language of the dead and of old Africa.

776 Gèdé is often stern, austere, and forbidding, but he has other aspects. Haitians take amused pleasure at the terror he can strike into the hearts of the mighty. An old Gèdé song goes:

[539] Papa Gèdé bel ga'çon!	Papa Gèdé is a handsome fellow!
Papa Gèdé bel ga'çon!	Papa Gèdé is a handsome fellow!
L'habillé tout en noi'!	He is dressed all in black
Pou'l monté au palais!	For he is going up to the palace!
L'habillé tout en blanc	When he's dressed all in white
Li semblé yun deputé!	He looks like a deputy!
L'habillé tout en noi'!	When he's dressed all in black
Li semblé yun senateur!	He resembles a senator!

776 According to tradition, the song had its origin in a march on the capital
788 by some houngans many years ago. The story is very old and no one
793 remembers many of the details.
539

184 the gate, and the crossroads, is not regarded in the same light as the other
776 loa but as a messenger and interceder, and as the crossroads protector. He it is who helps in the placation of the major gods, and who guards people against accident, chance, and evil spirits on the highway.

796 In traditional form, services for Maît' Grand Bois and Femme Grand
782 Bois are conducted by the family without the aid of a houngan, under
776 the direction of the oldest male member of the family. The rites begin on a Thursday. With a tiny bell in his hand, the elder who directs the service (he is called *grand famille*) calls upon Maît' Grand Bois to come and receive his feast. The procedures are solemn. The grand
[787] famille and the family sing. At last Grand Bois enters the head of the old man who is conducting the rites. Then the sacrificial animals are brought forward and killed, and the women take the meat and begin the cooking of the mangé. While the food is cooking, the family sits and waits. Sometimes the grand famille begins a song, in which others join. The cooking takes a long while. Sometime during the night, when the food is ready, it is placed in two baskets—one for Maît' Grand Bois and one for his wife, Femme Grand Bois. Into each basket goes meat, corn meal, rice, bread, cookies, peanut cakes, cassava, and other delicacies. The two baskets are hung by ropes from the roof of the tonnelle, or from the branch of a tree. During the entire night, none of the family eats. Mâit' Grand Bois and his wife partake of the feast as they please. At six o'clock in the morning, the baskets are taken down, and the family is free to eat what the loa have left for them.

When the food is gone, the bones that are left are carried to a nearby stream and washed until they are white and shining. The bones are then placed in a large calabash bowl. Sweet-scented leaves from special trees are placed in the bowl with the bones, and water is added. The
[783] mixture becomes a ritual lotion, or "bath." The entire family kneels before the liquid, which they rub on their faces, heads, arms, hands, legs, and feet. When the ritual bathing is over, they sing:

● [539]

La famille vin' payé sang,	The family comes to pay blood,
La famille vin' payé sang,	The family comes to pay blood,
Cérémonie là c'est fini! [Ex. 41]	The ceremony is finished!

Afterward, each member of the family places a small coin in the calabash dish with the bones and leaves, and the residue is then buried in a deep hole at a crossroads. A heavy post (*borne*) is erected at the site, with
[211] markings to indicate the date of the service, and the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, each representing a year. Every year one of the numbers is checked off, and at the end of four years another service for Maît' Grand Bois and Femme Grand Bois is held.

533 sometimes they are the words of the deity, sometimes words addressed
794 to the deity. The name of the loa may appear anywhere in the song, as
796 both an invocational word and a rhythmic device, with the result that
776 unless one is aware of the song structure he may lose the sense and
533 intent of the words. In these two lines, for example:

539 Master Agwé comes from the sea,
776 My cannon is loaded.

796 The first line describes what happens, from the standpoint of a third
person; the second line is a statement by the loa Agwé. Or, take this
single line:

Marie Louise oh, we are mixed up!

Here Marie Louise seems to be the person addressed, but in fact it is Marie Louise who is talking. Again:

I don't see my blood, Master Ogoun!

It is not Ogoun who is addressed; the words are his own.

As in nonreligious songs, there is a pattern stanza which is repeated over and over again. As the song goes on, there may be variations for interest and certain embellishments, but by and large the form remains constant. In religious singing there are relatively few examples of songs which progress from one idea to another. When the theme has been stated, that is the song.

533 One of the preliminary songs in many ritual services is a greeting to
539 the men and women of the société who are present. It is an *ochan*, or
794 salute of welcome, and comes before the loa themselves are addressed:

576 Messieurs-dames bonsoir!	Gentlemen and ladies, good evening!
M'apé mandé nou!	I ask you!
Messieurs-dames bonsoir!	Gentlemen and ladies, good evening!
M'apé mandé nou	I ask you
Qui gens nous yé! [Ex. 42]	What people are we?

The answer to the question is implicit, for they are the people of the société, members of the Arada "nation" or Anago "nation," as the case may be.

782 In almost any service of the Dahomey "nation" the first supplicatory
776 song is addressed to Legba, the keeper of the gate, the guardian of the
533 crossroads, and the "go-between" who intercedes with other loa in the
794 affairs of men. The first appeal to Legba is to open the gate, over which
he is master, so that the voices of supplication may be heard and understood. The open gate also provides access for other loa to the service.

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Attibon Legba ouvri bayè pou' moin ago! 776
Ou wè Attibon Legba ouvri bayè pou' moin ouvri bayè! 533
M'apé rentré quand ma tourné, 539
Ma salut loa yo! 794

Attibon Legba, open the gate for me, *ago!*
You see, Attibon Legba, open the gate for me, open the gate!
I will enter when I return,
I salute the loa!

After this appeal, or sometimes while it is being sung, the houngan 793
spills a little water on the earth at the base of the po'teau mitan. It is an 823
inducement for the loa to "enter," for the loa reside "below the water" 778
and their passage into the hounfor is made easier by water. The houngan may spill his water in a long path from the entrance of the peristyle to the po'teau mitan, or extend his pitcher invitingly to the four points of the compass. Then, perhaps, another song is sung to Legba:

Papa Legba nan hounfor moin!
Papa Legba nan hounfor moin!
Papa Legba nan hounfor moin!
Ou même qui porté drapeau,
C'est ou même ka paré soleil pou' loa yo!
Papa Legba, Papa Legba!

Papa Legba is in my hounfor!
Papa Legba is in my hounfor!
Papa Legba is in my hounfor!
You who carry the flag,
It is you who shade the loa from the sun!
Papa Legba, Papa Legba!

As the ritual gets under way, there may be a general song of welcome 533
to all the loa of the cult, such as this one: 539

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Bonjou' oh bonjou' bonjou' bonjou' bonjou'!
Bonjou' oh bonjou' bonjou' bonjou' bonjou'!
Oh bonjou' oh bonjou' loa moin! [Ex. 43]

Good day, oh, good day, good day, good day, good day!
Good day, oh, good day, good day, good day, good day!
Oh, good day, oh, good day my loa!

When the service is well in progress, the songs may describe the qualities of the deities—their character, behavior and needs. If it is Balindjo, for example, the song may advertise that persons with this loa in their heads are immune to poison:

Ogoun Balindjo,
Oh Ogoun oh!

Ogoun Balindjo,
Oh, Ogoun, oh!

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Ogoun Balindjo,	Ogoun Balindjo,
Oh Ogoun oh!	Oh, Ogoun, oh!
C'est pas mangé rangé	There is no poisoned food
Pral tuyé chwal moin! [Ex. 44]	That will kill my horse!

Ogoun Fai, known also by the Christian name St. Jacques, is the deity of war, and this song describes his courage and valor:

St. Jacques Majeur a voyé dit'm ga'çon déjà!
St. Jacques oh voyé dit'm ga'çon déjà!
St. Jacques Majeur a voyé dit'm ga'çon la-guè!
St. Jacques oh voyé dit'm ga'çon la-guè! [Ex. 45]

Major St. Jacques sent to tell me he is already a man!
St. Jacques, oh, sent to tell me he is already a man!
Major St. Jacques sent to tell me he is a man of war!
St. Jacques, oh, sent to tell me he is a man of war!

Should the service be to the loa Damballa Wèdo, symbolized as a rainbow and a great serpent, this song might be sung, commenting that he cannot be drowned in the water:

Papa Damballa ou c'est coulève oh!
Pouq'ou pas néyé?
Pouq'ou pas néyé?
Damballa pouq'ou pas néyé nan dleau? [Ex. 46]

Papa Damballa you are a snake, oh!
Why don't you drown?
Why don't you drown?
Damballa, why don't you drown in the water?

Damballa, the rainbow, is in fact the source of the water that bubbles
[778] from the earth in springs. He is a patron of the spring, and there he
[823] often lives in the form of a water snake. In many a hounfor where Damballa is specially revered there is a *bassin*, or pool, dedicated to him.
[532] On the wall behind the pool there is usually a painting of Damballa and Ayida, depicted as great serpents, sometimes with a feathered headdress. The pool is kept filled with fresh water from the spring, and
[231] here one or more small snakes—symbols of Damballa and Ayida—reside:

Ala loa marché nan dleau
C'est Damballa!
Ala loa marché nan dleau
C'est Damballa!
Papa Damballa c'est tête à dleau!
Papa Damballa c'est tête à dleau!

There is a loa who lives in the water,
It is Damballa!

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There is a loa who lives in the water,
It is Damballa!
Papa Damballa is the spring!
Papa Damballa is the spring!

Ayida Wèdo, another aspect of Damballa, is also known as a snake and a rainbow. A song describing Ayida's attributes goes:

Ayida c'est arc-en-ciel oh!	Ayida is a rainbow, oh!
Ou ap' vin' fai coulève!	You will come in like a snake!
Ayida c'est arc-en-ciel!	Ayida is a rainbow!
Pas wè n'ap fai coulève? [Ex. 47]	Don't you see I come in as a snake?

Agwé Woyo, one of the major deities of the sea, is believed to be responsible for thunder over the ocean, which is described as the sound of his cannon shooting:

Mait' Agwé so'ti nan la mer,
Canon'm chargé-é!
Mait' Agwé so'ti nan la mer,
Canon'm chargé!
Mait' Agwé so'ti nan la mer,
Canon'm chargé oh!
Canon'm chargé pou'm tiré Mait' A'Woyo! [Ex. 48]

Master Agwé comes from the sea,
My cannon is loaded!
Master Agwé comes from the sea,
My cannon is loaded!
Master Agwé comes from the sea,
My cannon is loaded, oh!
My cannon is loaded to fire, Master Agwé Woyo!

The loa Kitta, or Simbi Kitta, of the Guinée pantheon is one of the water deities. He is described as coming out of the water dripping wet:

Kitta oh so'ti nan dleau li tou' mouillé!
Oh Kitta oh so'ti nan dleau li tou' mouillé!
Oh Kitta so'ti nan dleau li tou' mouillé!
Oh nen point houngan passé Bondieu nan pays-yà! [Ex. 37]

Kitta, oh, comes out of the water, he is all wet!
Oh, Kitta, oh, comes out of the water, he is all wet!
Oh, Kitta comes out of the water, he is all wet!
Oh, there is no houngan in this country greater than God!

Tijean Pétro of the Pétro "nation" is small, and agile even though he has only one foot. (Some people say that Tijean Petro has no feet at all.) This somewhat malevolent deity hides in the leaves of the coconut palm, and from there he sometimes preys on passers-by, particularly children. Persons mounted by Tijean Pétro may move about as though They have no feet and climb into the nearest palm tree. [787]

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they have no feet and climb into the nearest palm tree. This song comments on Tijean's ability to climb with his single foot. (Haitians do not "shinny" up trees, but walk up, bracing the soles of the feet against the trunk.)

Tijean ou pas gainyain pieds,	Tijean, you have no feet,
Tijean ou pas gainyain pieds,	Tijean, you have no feet,
Comment ou fai monté cocoyé?	How do you climb the coconut tree?
Lans bayè ro Legba, Jean Pétro,	By using Legba's gate, Jean Pétro,
Lans bayè ro!	By using the gate!

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When the loa begin to arrive in the hounfor to participate in the ceremonies, there is usually a song taking note of their coming. Sometimes the words describing the action are the deity's own account of what is happening, as in this song to the loa Sobo:

C'est passé n'ap passé là!
C'est passé ma passé là!
É hounsi bossale é yo lommain nom moin!
Yo lommain nom moin yo lommain nom moin!
Yo rélé hounsi kanzo!
Yo rélé Daromain!
Yo rélé mwé! [Ex. 50]

I am passing through, I am passing through!
I am passing, I am passing here!
É, the hounsi bossale call my name!
They are calling for me, they are calling for me!
The hounsi kanzo are calling!
Dahomey is calling!
They are calling me!

In another rite one might hear this song about the arrival of the deity Simba, from the point of view of the servitors rather than of the loa:

Simba Kitta vini wè moin, oh!
Oh Simba wa vini wè moin là, oh saints yà! [Ex. 51]

Simba Kitta comes to see me, oh!
Oh, Simba will come to see me here, oh saints!

When the deity Boulicha Nago comes in, there is a call for the drums to be played:

Nago 'rivé-é,	Nago arrives,
Boulicha Nago 'rivé-é!	Boulicha Nago arrives!
Nago 'rivé-é,	Nago arrives,
Boulicha Nago 'rivé-é!	Boulicha Nago arrives!
Li lè li temps bata là!	It is time, beat the drums!
Li lè li temps bata là!	It is time, beat the drums!
Nago 'rivé jodi-à oh enhé! [Ex. 52]	Nago comes today, oh, *enhé!*

Sobo, too, demands his drums as he arrives, as well as all the other paraphernalia for his ritual: 533 539 776 794 796

Coté yo coté yo?	Where are they, where are they?
Sobo mandé hounsi 'Llada!	Sobo asks for his Allada hounsi!
Coté yo coté yo?	Where are they, where are they?
Coté yo coté yo?	Where are they, where are they?
Sobo mandé tambou' Rada!	Sobo asks for his Arada drums!
Coté yo coté yo?	Where are they, where are they?
Coté yo coté yo?	Where are they, where are they?
Sobo mandé pouin Allada!	Sobo asks for his Allada magic!
Coté yo coté yo? [Ex. 53]	Where are they, where are they?

When more than one loa comes into the service at the same time there is confusion. Each loa is supposed to await his turn, so that the ritual and the dance may be conducted in an orderly way. Sometimes, however, two or more dieties come in at once, throwing the orderly process out of gear. This song takes note of the simultaneous arrival of the loa Adja, Loko, Sobo, Sedje, and others.

Adja non mélé, oh Adja oh!
Adja non mélé!
Non mélé Papa Loko, non mélé jodi-à!

Adja non mélé, oh Adja oh!
Adja non mélé!
Non mélé Sedje assez non mélé jodi-à!

Adja non mélé, oh Adja oh!
Adja non mélé!
Non mélé kilé oudé Nèg' Sobo non mélé jodi-à! [Ex. 54]

Adja we are mixed, oh, Adja, oh!
Adja we are mixed!
We are mixed Papa Loko, we are mixed up today!

Adja we are mixed, oh, Adja, oh!
Adja we are mixed!
We are mixed Sedje, enough, we are mixed up today!

Adja we are mixed, oh, Adja, oh!
Adja we are mixed!
We are mixed all the time, Nèg' Sobo, we are mixed up today!

When the loa come in en masse this way, some are asked to retire so that the service can proceed smoothly. In a similar instance, the deity [782] Marie Louise is willing to withdraw from the scene but demands that a present or sacrifice be given to her first.

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Marie Louise oh nou mêlé!	Marie Louise, oh, we are mixed up!
Marie Louise oh nou mêlé!	Marie Louise, oh, we are mixed up!
Coté ça ou ba moin pou'm allé?	Where is my gift so that I can go?

Often, when it is time to leave the service, the deity announces through the medium of the song that he has other affairs to attend to elsewhere. Ogoun Achadé, for example, makes a swift departure:

Ogoun volé!	Ogoun flies!
Anago!	Anago!
Ogoun volé Achadé!	Ogoun flies Achadé!
Anago Papa! [Ex. 55]	Anago Papa!

As the deity Général Brisé departs, he tells his servitors that he is "going to God," and that he turns responsibility for their affairs over to them:

Général Brisé pays ya nan main oh!
Ago-é! Ago-é-é!
Général Brisé pays ya nan main oh!
Pays ya nan main
M'pral Bondieu djab oh! [Ex. 56]

General Brisé, the country is in your hands, oh!
Ago-é! Ago-é-é!
General Brisé, the country is in your hands, oh!
The country is in your hands,
I am going to God, oh!

The loa Bumba, in reply to a query, declares that he must go because he has work to do in his fields:

Bumba qui coto prallé?	Bumba, where are you going?
Bumba qui coto prallé?	Bumba, where are you going?
Bumba qui coto prallé?	Bumba, where are you going?
Bumba qui coto prallé?	Bumba, where are you going?
M'planté manga!	I am planting mangas!
Planté patate!	Planting potatoes!
Planté jawmoun!	Planting pumpkins!
Planté banane!	Planting plantains!
Waille Bumba qui coto prallé? [Ex. 57]	*Waille* Bumba, where are you going?

The deities Maît' Bois and Maît' Dleau declare as they depart that they are on their way to Africa, and leave the impression that things are pretty nice over there:

Maît' Dleau qui so'ti nans dleau!	Maît' Dleau who comes out of the water!
Maît' Bois qui so'ti nans bois!	Maît' Bois who comes out of the woods!
Nan Guinée plaisi-à belle oh!	In Africa pleasure is beautiful, oh!
A n'allé wè yo! [Ex. 58]	We are going to see!

As the loa Mambo Ayida of the Guinée pantheon leaves the hounfor to return to Africa, her "children" ask her not to stay there too long. And they ask her to bring back to Haiti with her some good magic for use in the hounfor: 533 539 776 794 796

Mambo Ayida é!
Pral nan Guinée-à, pinga ou misé-à m'tendé!
Si ou joind bon ouanga wa po'té!
Si ou joind bon lotion wa po'té! [Ex. 59]

Mambo Ayida *é!*
Go to Africa, take care not to stay, I am waiting!
If you find a good ouanga, bring it!
If you find a good lotion, bring it!

Giving food to the loa is a focal point in religious rituals. Many songs describe the sacrifice, signify that the loa are waiting for their food, or otherwise dramatize this significant activity. In the following song the deity Damballa asks for the goat with which he is to be fed. 533 539 776 794 796 782

Damballa Wèdo oh c'est sang-é!
Damballa mandé tête cabrit,
C'est sang li mandé!
Damballa Wèdo oh c'est sang-é!
Damballa mandé tête cabrit,
C'est sang li mandé!
Damballa Wèdo oh c'est sang li mandé!
Oh assez! [Ex. 60]

Damballa Wèdo, oh, it is blood *é!*
Damballa asks for the head of the goat,
It is blood he asks for!
Damballa Wèdo, oh, it is blood *é!*
Damballa asks for the head of the goat,
It is blood he asks for!
Damballa Wèdo, oh, it is blood he asks for!
Oh, enough!

For Ogoun they sometimes sing:

Papa Ogoun qui gain' yun mangé
Tout moune pas mangé li!
Enhé enhé, oh! [Ex. 61]

It is Papa Ogoun who has a feast,
Not everyone may eat it!
Enhé enhé, oh!

But sometimes Ogoun is dissatisfied that there is no feast ready for him, and he complains.

533	Ogoun é oh moin blessé!	Ogoun *é*, oh, I am hurt!
● 539	Ogoun é oh moin blessé!	Ogoun *é*, oh, I am hurt!
776	A pas m'blessé Ferei,	Now I am hurt, Ferei,
	M'pas wè sang moin!	I don't see my blood!
782	M'pas wè sang'm Maît Ogoun,	I don't see my blood, Master Ogoun,
794	Moin pas wè sang moin!	I don't see my blood!
796	M'pas wè sang'm Badagry,	I don't see my blood, Badagry
	Moin pas wè sang moin là! [Ex. 62]	I don't see my blood here!

The loa Moundongue, like Damballa, likes goat meat, and it can be cooked in two ways:

Yè yè yè!
Moundongue oh!
Oh Moundongue oh yè yè yè!
Moundongue mangé cabrit boulé,
Moundongue mangé cabrit boucané! [Ex. 63]

Yè yè yè!
Moundongue, oh!
Oh, Moundongue, oh, *yè yè yè!*
Moundongue eats boiled goat,
Moundongue eats roasted goat!

Or again, the servitors may sing:

Coto passé na ha'ou mangé, oh Ti Moundongue nà!
Coto passé na ha'ou mangé, Moundongue nà! [Ex. 64]

Wherever you are, we give you food, oh, Ti Moundongue there!
Wherever you are, we give you food, Moundongue there!

[787] [789] The loa Adja also has animal sacrifices and special dishes for his mangé, but sometimes he—and the "horses" he mounts—will eat broken glass:

Oh Adja mangé bounda dèmijon!
Adja véco' véco'!
Adja mangé bounda dèmijon!
Adja véco' véco'! [Ex. 65]

Oh, Adja eats the bottom of a bottle!
Adja, old one, old one!
Adja eats the bottom of a bottle!
Adja, old one, old one!

For the loa Ianman Ibo the proper sacrifice is a rooster, and the deity declares:

Nanchon Ibo m'ta mangé gros coq oh nanchon Ibo!
Nanchon Ibo m'ta mangé gros coq!
Nanchon Ibo m'ta mangé gros coq oh nanchon Ibo!
Waille waille waille! [Ex. 66]

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Ibo nation, I am going to eat a large cock, oh, Ibo nation!
Ibo nation, I am going to eat a large cock!
Ibo nation, I am going to eat a large cock, oh, Ibo nation!
Waille waille waille!

The Ibo service is often a strictly family affair rather than a broad community ritual. The family replies to the Ibo loa in the following song. [184]

La famille vin' payé sang,	The family comes to pay blood,
Vin' payé sang!	Comes to pay blood!
La famille vin' payé sang,	The family comes to pay blood,
Ibo Lazile volonté! [Ex. 41]	It is Ibo Lazile's wish!

The loa Nago frankly tells the people that if they want to come to his house (his shrine, or the hounfor) they will have to pay something for the privilege:

Si nou wè coté'm demeuré,	If you see where I live,
Si nou wè coté'm demeuré,	If you see where I live,
Fau'm payé bonbon pou' ça!	You have to give cookies for that!
Anago Nago!	Anago Nago!
Vin' wè coté'm demeuré! [Ex. 67]	Come see where I live!

The "dead" spirit Gèdé Nimbo, the guardian or master of the cemetery, who often engages in bizarre activities which poke fun at the codes of social behavior, is sometimes regarded as a special protector of children. Precisely because he is overlord of all that has to do with the grave, his good will is sought, particularly in behalf of the young; and in many services of the Nago rites his protection is bought by money gifts:

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Gèdé main la'gent,
M'apé ba ou la'gent la'gent,
M'apé ba ou la'gent pou' ga'dé zenfants la yo!
M'apé ba ou la'gent pou' ga'dé zenfants la yo!

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Gèdé, take the money,
I will give you money, money,
I will give you money to guard the children!
I will give you money to guard the children!

In the course of the ceremonies when, from time to time, the honored loa of the occasion enters into the head of one of the servitors, the houngan will place in the hands of the mounted person a lighted candle and a pitcher of water. The possessed servitor approaches the sacred center post and spills a little water on the ground for the deity. After certain other rituals, the houngan, or one of his assistants, conducts the mounted "horse" into the hounfor to the altar. In the following song, as the possession comes on, there is a call for a lighted candle.

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796 Simbi non wè oh!
794 Simbi djab non wè!
776 Oh Simbi non wè oh!
533 Simbi non wè oh!
539 Simbi wa lumé chandelle pou' clairé moin! [Ex. 68]

Simbi doesn't see, oh!
Stern Simbi doesn't see!
Oh, Simbi doesn't see, oh!
Simbi doesn't see, oh!
Simbi [says] you will light the candle so I can see!

Some of the songs refer to the dancing of the loa who enter the bodies of the servitors. The deity Loko asks for his hounsi, through whom he will dance:

Coté pitits moin yo,
Mainain'm nan hounfor, m'ap djaillé!
Na pas Loko,
Coté pitits moin yo! [Ex. 69]

Where are my children,
Take me into the hounfor, I will *djaillé!*
Now, Loko,
Where are my children!

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Another deity, who is not expressly named, tells his "leaves in the woods"—that is, his hounsi—that he has danced since he was a child:

Fé nan bois hélé moin!	Leaves in the woods call me!
Oh dépi'm pitit m'ap dansé!	Oh, since I was small I have danced!
Fé nan bois hé-é!	Leaves in the woods *hé-é!*
Fé nan bois hélé moin oh!	Leaves in the woods call me, oh!
Oh fé nan bois hélé moin oh!	Oh, leaves in the woods call me, oh!
Dépi'm pitit m'ap dansé!	Since I was small I have danced!
Fé nan bois hélé moin! [Ex. 70]	Leaves in the woods call me!

In the following song the loa Macaya Bumba is called upon by the hounsi to hurry up and get on with his dancing.

Macaya Bumba Bumba!	Macaya Bumba Bumba!
Lèvé dansé!	Get up and dance!
Macaya Bumba!	Macaya Bumba!
Bumba mon cher vini dansé! [Ex. 71]	Bumba my dear, come and dance!

A song for the deity Ianman in the course of the Ibo dancing and ritual goes:

Ibo lélé!
Ibo lélé!
Nanchon Ibo ça ou gainyain con ça Ibo lélé!

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Ianman con ça, con ça!
Ianman con ça'm dansé Ibo!
Ianman con ça, con ça!
Ianman con ça'm dansé Ibo!
Ianman con ça, con ça!
Ianman é-wa é-wa é-wa! [Ex. 72]

Ibo *lélé!*
Ibo *lélé!*
Ibo Nation, what are you doing there, Ibo *lélé!*
Ianman, like that, like that!
Ianman, like that I dance the Ibo!
Ianman, like that, like that!
Ianman, like that I dance the Ibo!
Ianman, like that, like that!
Ianman *é-wa é-wa é-wa!*

Another song containing the same zestful appreciation of dancing is for the loa Kitta. The words "my mother isn't dead" and "my father isn't dead" are simply expressions of good fortune and happiness which embellish the command to do the Kitta steps:

Ai ti ga'çon ba'm pas Kitta!
Kitta Congo oh ti ga'çon ba'm pas Kitta!

Manman pas mouri ba'm pas Kitta!
Kitta Congo oh ti ga'çon ba'm pas Kitta!

M'dit pitit ga'çon ba'm pas Kitta!
Kitta Congo oh ti ga'çon ba'm pas Kitta!

Papa pas mouri ba'm pas Kitta!
Kitta Congo oh ti ga'çon ba'm pas Kitta! [Ex. 73]

Ai, little man, give me the Kitta steps!
Kitta Congo, oh, little man, give me the Kitta steps!

My mother is not dead, give me the Kitta steps!
Kitta Congo, oh, little man, give me the Kitta steps!

I say little man, give me the Kitta steps!
Kitta Congo, oh, little man, give me the Kitta steps!

My father is not dead, give me the Kitta steps!
Kitta Congo, oh, little man, give me the Kitta steps![1]

[535]

A song for the loa Bambarra describes the movements of his dance. Bambarra is symbolized by the crab, and the dance posture with "low hips" is regarded as characteristic of the crab's movements:

Bambarra kap *promené*, taille bas!
Bambarra allé *promené*, taille bas!

[1] [For footnote, see category 116, p. 351.--Analyst]

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Bambarra is walking, low hips!
Bambarra is going to walk, low hips!

Damballa Wèdo, being a snake deity, "threads" or "winds" his way like a serpent, and this song describes a serpentine course taken by the dancers as Damballa (here identified as a Nago man) arrives:

Filé na *filé*, Damballa Wèdo vini wè moin!
Filé na *filé*, Nèg' Nago vini wè'm là! [Ex. 74]

Wind, we wind, Damballa Wèdo comes to see me!
Wind, we wind, the Nago man comes to see me here!

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After the dancing has been going on for a long while and the pace is fast, there may be a song of banter, such as the following from the Dahomey rites. The dancers sing *taillé, taillé!*, describing a figure of the dance in which the skirts are swirled, and note that they have worn out the drummers. They even offer to carry on their backs those dancers
[482] who are ready to fall by the wayside:

Taillé taillé!
Oh taillé taillé oh viéco'l
Tambouyé bouké!
Tambouyé bouké viéco'l
Taillé taillé oh viéco'l
Taillé taillé tambouyé bouké houngan'm!
M'po'té sou corps moin vié sor!
Tambouyé bouké ça!
Taillé taillé! [Ex. 75]

Taillé taillé!
Oh, *taillé taillé*, oh, old people!
The drummers are tired!
The drummers are tired, old people!
Taillé taillé, oh, old people!
Taillé taillé, the drummers are tired, my *houngan!*
I'll carry you on my back, old sister!
The drummers are tired there!
Taillé taillé!

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Interspersed among the songs of the hounfor there are sometimes warnings or admonitions. Usually they are tangent and indirect in statement, and may be from the point of view of the loa or of the houngan. In the following pouin song, which accompanies the ritual of making magic, there is a warning to certain people who will feel the effects of the magic. The ceremony includes, among other things, the dropping of lemons, roots, and leaves by the houngan into his sacred basin or pond. The houngan sings:

Trois fé trois citron oh!
Trois fé trois citron oh!
Main dit non, youn jour ou wa besoin main!
Trois fé trois racine oh!
Main dit oui, youn jour ou wa besoin main!
Gainyain bassin main trois racine tombé ladans,
Quand ou wa' blié fan' ramassé changé! [Ex. 76]

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Three leaves, three lemons, oh!
Three leaves, three lemons, oh!
I say *non*, one day you are going to need me!
Three leaves, three roots, oh!
I say yes, one day you are going to need me!
I have my pond into which three roots fall,
When you wish to forget you will have to remember!

In another song the houngan warns against ingratitude on the part of persons for whom special magical services have been carried out:

Ouanga ça oh ouanga chaud!
Ouanga ça ouanga chaud!
Lè pou' payé li pinga ou faché!
Ou mandé'm ouanga là ou content!
Ou mandé'm ouanga là ou content!
Lè pou' payé li pinga ou faché! [Ex. 77]

This ouanga, oh, hot ouanga!
This ouanga, oh, hot ouanga!
When it's time to pay for it don't be angry!
You ask me for the ouanga, you are happy!
You ask me for the ouanga, you are happy!
When it's time to pay for it don't be angry!

Somberly and in metaphor, the deity Kitta Démambré speaks of an unhappy event which occurred in the town of Léogane, and warns those concerned that it must not happen again: 533 539 776 626

Kitta Démambré, pinga ou fai'm ça 'core oh!
Nan Léogane ti poule-là mouri nan zé!
Nan Léogane ti poule-là mouri nan zé oh!
Kitta Démambré, pinga ou fai'm ça encore oh! [Ex. 78]

Kitta Démambré, take care that you don't do that to me again, oh!
In Léogane the little chicken died in its egg!
In Léogane the little chicken died in its egg!
Kitta Démambré, take care that you don't do that to me again!

An unnamed spirit warns that the moment for placation has come and suggests that calling on him after he has gone from the *pavillon* of the houngan Derés would be of no use. [782]

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M'apé rélé moin en bas pavillon loa moin!
Laissé'm déméllé moin en bas pavillon oh Deréa!
Jou'm allé pinga you lammain nom moin! [Ex. 79]

I will call, I am under the loa's canopy!
Let me get straightened out under Deréa's canopy!
The day I am gone take care they do not call my name!

In a lighter vein, to the gayest of music, there is this admonition that a wrong cannot be righted simply by saying "excuse me":

Ibo lélé!
Ibo lélé!
Pilé pied'm ou mandé'm pardon!
Pilé pied'm ou mandé'm pardon!
Ça pardon-là wa fait pou' moin? [Ex. 80]

Ibo *lélé!*
Ibo *lélé!*
You step on my foot and ask my pardon!
You step on my foot and ask my pardon!
The pardon, what good will it do me?

And the deity Ogoun Kénison warns those who do not speak of him with respect that he is not ready to accept such a slight as a light matter.

Ogoun Yèkkè Yèkkè ça Nèg' Kénison é!
Ogoun Yèkkè ça Nèg' Kénison é!
Oh tous les jours c'est pa'lé Ogoun mal!
Ogoun pas conn' betisé! [Ex. 81]

Ogoun Yèkkè Yèkkè there, man of Kénison!
Ogoun Yèkkè there, man of Kénison!
Oh, constantly talking bad about Ogoun!
Ogoun doesn't like joking!

The loa Ogoun Panama, like ordinary mortals, is concerned about people who "come to look and go away to talk."

Ogoun oh m' c'est Nèg' Panama é!
Ogoun oh m' c'est Nèg' Panama é!
Yo vini ga'dé!
Yo vini pa'lé!
Oh Ogoun oh m' c'est Nèg' Panama é! [Ex. 82]

Ogoun, oh, I am the Panama man *é!*
Ogoun, oh, I am the Panama man *é!*
They come to look!
They come to look!
Oh, Ogoun, oh, I am the Panama man *é!*

The loa Aïson complains more vigorously of the bad behavior of human beings: 533 539 776 626

Aïson Aïson!
Dipis temps y'ap pa'lé sou moin!
Cosé ça yo gainyain?
Bouche à yo paya paya!
Djaule à yo pènè pènè!
Cosé ça pou' yo pa'dan oh? [Ex. 83]

Aïson, Aïson!
For a long time they have been talking about me!
What's wrong with them?
Their mouths go *paya paya!*
Their jaws go *pènè pènè!*
What is the excuse?

Even on routine business the loa are inclined to be petulant, or to protest that they have been mistreated, that their followers gossip about them, or that they are not ardent enough. Here the deity Simbi en des Eaux complains bitterly that she is not loved by her servitors, the "leaves in the woods," and asks a hounsi named Lolo for news to take to spirits of the ancestors who live "below the water": 533 539 776 626 794

Fé nan bois con ça nou yé!
Nen point raimain pas mandé quitté!
Fé nan bois con ça nou yé!
Nen point raimain pas mandé quitté!
Simbi en des Eaux,
Qui sorti en bas dleau!
Gardé ça yo fai moin!
M'dit Lolo, ba moin nouvelle pou'm ba yo! [Ex. 84]

Leaves in the woods, that's the way you are!
There is no love that does not ask to end!
Leaves in the woods, that's the way you are!
There is no love that does not ask to end!
Simbi en des Eaux,
Who comes from below the water!
See what they do to me!
I say, Lolo, give me the news to give them!

But if the loa complain about the behavior of their followers, the servitors also may complain. Songs sung in the hounfor may chide the deities for antisocial deeds, for forgetting their "children," or for carelessness. In the following song the spirit Mait' Grand Chimin is criticized for mounting his "horses" with such fury that they are thrown about 533 539 776 794 787 782

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violently. The hounsi complain that Mait' Grand Chimin treats them as though they were flour being ground in a mill:

Temp' changé nouvelle allé!
Bonjou' Papa bonjou' Roi Grand Chimin!
M'mandé Papa ça'm fai!
Temp' changé nouvelle allé!
Bonjou' Papa bonjou' Roi Grand Chimin!
M'mandé Papa ça'm fai!
Papa m'pas maïs moulin!
Nou dit na bougit moin!
Papa m'pas maïs moulin!
Nou dit na bougit moin! [Ex. 85]

Times change, the news goes out!
Good day, Papa, good day, Roi Grand Chimin!
I ask you, Papa, what did I do?
Times change, the news goes out!
Good day, Papa, good day, Roi Grand Chimin!
I ask you, Papa, what did I do?
Papa, I am not corn flour!
You say you will grind me!
Papa, I am not corn flour!
You say you will grind me!

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When there is sickness within the société there may be songs for the absent ones. Here is a song for an ailing hounsi:

Moin allé wè li, hounsi malade oh!
Moin allé wè ça, hounsi malade oh!
Moin allé wè houngan, hounsi malade oh! [Ex. 86]

I am going to see there, the hounsi is sick, oh!
I am going to see it, the hounsi is sick, oh!
I am going to see, houngan, the hounsi is sick, oh!

Again, the members of the société call upon Ogoun, or St. Jacques, to help one of their number who is sick:

St. Jacques maré choual li,	St. Jacques ties his horse,
Li pas dit personne oh,	He tells no one, oh,
Véyé li pou' moin!	Take care of him for me!
Li mèt gainyain verre,	He may have worms,
Li mèt gainyain maline nan dos,	He may have sores on his back,
St. Jacques oh!	St. Jacques, oh!
Ba li lavie pou' moin! [Ex. 87]	Protect him for me!

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Ogoun is the dispenser of rum, and in virtually all Ogoun rituals rum is at some time or another in evidence. Sometimes rum is poured into a hot iron pot and bursts into flame. The iron pot is described as Ogoun's

house, which is on fire. But there is no grief, because Ogoun is the 796
master of fire: 776

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Pierre, Pierre Narcisse oh!	Pierre, Pierre Narcisse, oh!
Yago moula-é!	*Yago moula-é!*
Caille Ogoun boulé!	Ogoun's house is burning!
Gildive Ogoun bel Di!	Ogoun's distillery is beautiful!
Na consolé! [Ex. 88]	We console ourselves!

[539]
[533]

Some of the ritual songs that have persisted through the years have 533
lost their explicit meaning but continue to survive because of beautiful 539
melodies and perhaps the strange images they evoke. Such a song is 776
this one to the loa Atti Daï, from the Dahomey service: [178]

Atti Daï oh!	Atti Daï, oh!
Yo voyé dit moin	They sent to tell me
Min soleil malade!*	The sun was sick!
Quan'm té rivé	When I arrived
Moin joind soleil mouri!	I found the sun had died!
Quan'm té rivé	When I arrived
Moin joind soleil mouri!	I found the sun had died!
C'est regrettant ça	What grief it was
Pou'm enterré soleil! [Ex.89]	For me to bury the sun!

One of the truly lovely songs of the Dahomey rites, both in melody and in lyrics, is the following one to the deity Êzilie. It shows clear evidence of Catholic ritual influence in both its text and its music. Êzilie Fréda, who seems to be speaking most of the lines, is identified with the Virgin Mary, and the tone of this piece casts her more in her Catholic role than her African. The deity is speaking from Yagaza, a place described as being "on the other side of the water." In form the song is atypical in that it has more than one movement and progresses from one idea to another. [177]

Êzilie Nainain oh!
Êzilie Nainain oh!
Êzilie oh, c'est moin Yagaza!

Êzilie n'ap marché n'ap couté n'ap parlé pou' temps y'ap parlé parole moin!
Êzilie n'ap marché n'ap couté pou' temps y'ap parlé parole mwé!
Êzilie Nainain oh!
Êzilie Fréda oh Nainain oh!
Êzilie Fréda oh, c'est moin Yagaza!

Mesdames nà yo chita nan caille là yo vlé djoillé oh tout temps soleil pas lévé!
Mesdames yo passé ya tombé tè à génoux y'apé plaindre le sort yo!

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* Some Haitian informants vouched that *soleil* meant "sun." Others felt that this word in the song was really [illegible], a diminutive of [illegible], another name for Atti Daï. [114]
[115]

533 Êzilie Nainain oh!
539 Êzilie Nainain oh!
776 Êzilie oh bo' c'est moin Yagaza!

Larouzé fai banda tout temps soleil pas lévé!
Larouzé fai banda tout temps soleil pas lévé!
Êzilie Nainain oh!
Êzilie Nainain oh!
Êzilie Fréda oh, coté moin bo' Yagaza!

Êzilie Fréda Nèg' Sobo Nèg' Grand Chimin Nèg' Balairouzé Cercléquitté abobo ça!
Êzilie Nainain oh!
Êzilie Nainain oh!
Êzilie Fréda coté ou yé? Moin là Yagaza! [Ex. 90]

Grandmother Êzilie, oh!
Grandmother Êzilie, oh!
It is I Êzilie, Yagaza!

Êzilie we are walking, we are listening, we are speaking, they are speaking my words now!
Êzilie we are walking, we are listening, they are speaking my words now!
Grandmother Êzilie, oh!
Êzilie Fréda, oh, Grandmother, oh!
Êzilie Fréda, oh, it is I, Yagaza!

The women sitting in the house there, they want to have a good time, oh, until the sun comes up!
The women go by, they fall on the earth on their knees, they complain about their troubles!
Grandmother Êzilie, oh!
Grandmother Êzilie, oh!
Êzilie, oh, it is I on Yagaza side!

The dew glistens until the sun comes up!
The dew glistens until the sun comes up!
Grandmother Êzilie, oh!
Grandmother Êzilie, oh!
Êzilie Fréda, oh, I am on Yagaza side!

Êzilie Fréda, Nèg' Sobo, Nèg' Grand Chimin, Nèg' Balairouzé, Cercléquitté, finish there! *
Grandmother Êzilie, oh!
Grandmother Êzilie, oh!
Êzilie Fréda, where are you? I am on Yagaza side!

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* These various loa are being called upon here to withdraw and not to intrude upon the scene while Êzilie is present.

with one of his children as he had agreed. That night his oldest child died. The next year to the day, his second child died. And the third year, the third child died. On the fourth anniversary, the man's wife died. On the fifth, he himself died. The djab of Trou Fourban had collected his debt. 538 776 789 787 675

Another great djab lives on the northern mountain called Morne Ronde. A man of Cap Haitien was said to have made a compact with him for wealth. One day there was a great hubbub in front of the man's house. A crowd gathered and stood peering inside his door. What they saw was a rain of money falling down from the rafters. The floor was covered with ten-gourde bills. When the *gendarmerie* came to investigate, they stood at the doorway in awe, watching the money float to the floor. The man finally closed the door. That night he moved away, and no one in Cap Haitien ever saw him again.

The djab are insatiable. For their favors—which range from providing wealth and political position to destroying one's enemies—they always demand more in return than the recipient has counted on. Catholic ritual is called upon in some instances to break the djab's chain of demands. 776 789 675 787 [773] [788]

Some tales are told in which human beings outwit the djab, particularly the lesser ones; but more often than not, the djab have the last laugh. During the big hurricane which hit Haiti in 1954, a huge landslide occurred near the place called Bayè Roche in the La Selle Mountains. An entire village was wiped out, covered by the falling rocks. Throughout this region the disaster was attributed to the action of a djab reputed to live in one of the nearby caves. Many lost cattle were found wandering near Bayè Roche, and they were believed to be people whom the malevolent djab had transformed into animals. 776 731

The height of bravado is to demand to be confronted with a big djab face to face. There is a song which goes: 776 554 539

Conduit'm allé oh!
Conduit'm allé djab nan Trou Fourban!
Conduit'm allé! [Ex. 91]

Take me, oh!
Take me to the djab in Trou Fourban!
Take me!

There are still other supernatural creatures in Haitian lore who must be guarded against, such as the *djablesse*, the *revenant*, and the *lutin*. The *djablesse* is a female ghost who must live in the woods for a number of years before she can enter heaven, as a punishment for the crime of 775

775 789 824 When they are not working, it is said, zombies are tied with special ropes made from the leaves of the banana tree. One popular song goes:

Nans Léogane
Yo marré zombie nans paille fig-banane! [539] ●
Abobo wye-oh!

In Léogane
They tie the zombie with banana straw!
That is all, *wye-oh!*

Some Haitians tell you they know there are zombies because they have seen them. Not too many years ago a visiting writer stoutly declared that she, too, knew there were zombies because she had seen one—in the mental hospital at Pont Beudet. Although her reasoning was not quite airtight, the possibility that mental defectives are sometimes mistaken for zombies is worth considering.

775 793 754 774 Houngans who "work with two hands" are reputed to be able to gain permanent control over persons by means of a formula known as *tuyé-lèvé* (kill and raise). Either for himself or a client, the houngan gains power over the victim by "killing" him through special magic and then "removing the soul" (*retiré n'âme*). The victim, presumed to be normally dead, is buried by his family; the houngan then retrieves the body and "restores the soul" (*metté n'âme*). With his soul restored, the victim has, in effect, become a slave of the houngan, who can do with him as he wishes. He differs from a zombie in that he has a soul, whereas the zombie has none.

775 793 789 754 791 Some Haitians believe that even one who has died a nonmagic death may be raised from the dead. To accomplish this, the houngan or bocor stands over the body, goes through a specified ritual, and calls out the dead person's name: "Albert Moreau! Albert Moreau! Albert Moreau! Lèvé non! Lèvé non! Lèvé non!" ("Get up! Get up! Get up!") Then, it is said, the dead man may awaken.

775 754 793 It is believed that a houngan may also command the souls of dead persons to perform services for him against an enemy. The souls at his disposal for this work are those which he keeps in earthern jars in his hounfor. Should he wish to plague an enemy, he will send one of these souls to the man's house to make him sick, or lazy, or insane. Usually, the man does not know what is happening to him; but if he becomes aware that a dead soul is working on him, he attempts to find out which houngan has sent it. Perhaps the houngan can be bought off. If not, another houngan may provide relief.

184 775 776 While some believe in the reality of the various demons and specters,

775 776 others only half believe, and many look upon these creatures as imaginary but exciting to talk about.

775 The zombie finds a favored place in the tales children make up to
857 tell one another, and the traditional song played by children on the earth
533 bow or mosquito drum goes:

539 Maringouin pinga zombie oh, Bobo Maria!
[534] Maringouin pinga zombie!
Maringouin pinga zombie, pinga zombie, pinga zombie, pinga zombie, pinga zombie!
Maringouin pinga zombie! [Ex. 92]

Mosquito beware the zombie, oh, Bobo Maria!
Mosquito beware the zombie!
Mosquito beware the zombie, beware the zombie, beware the zombie, beware the zombie, beware the zombie!
Mosquito beware the zombie!

Or they may sing with great bravado, to the clapping of hands.

Chaingadaing, nou pral mangé zombie!
Chaingadaing, teau teau!
Chaingadaing, nou pral mangé zombie!
Chaingadaing, colocoto!
Chaingadaing, nou pral mangé zombie!
Chaingadaing, kalainkaintaing! [Ex. 93]

Chaingadaing, we are going to eat a zombie!
Chaingadaing, teau teau!
Chaingadaing, we are going to eat a zombie!
Chaingadaing, colocoto!
Chaingadaing, we are going to eat a zombie!
Chaingadaing, kalainkaintaing!

535 older man, they leaped into the air and came together in mock combat. First one would strike and the other would parry, then the second would strike and the first would parry, always in time to the beating Congo drums. On another signal all six dancers leaped into the air vertically, twisting into a full turn each time, landing in position to strike and parry.

Spectators standing around the dancers clapped their hands and sang:

• [539]
Mousondi na fai la guè!
Éya éya éya!
Nous c'est nanchon la guè!
Ou pas tendé canon'm tiré?

Mousondi, we will make war!
Éya éya éya!
We are a nation of war!
Don't you hear my cannon shooting?

[293] When the dancers and drummers seemed fatigued, they were offered rum to drink. The dancers drank without breaking step or interrupting the battle. The bearded man held the lip of his glass between his teeth, and without using his hands to steady it, tipped his head back and let the rum run into his mouth, all the while stamping his feet and leaping with the others.

[184) I was told later that the Mousondi was from the north, and that the dancers were recent arrivals from Port-de-Paix. But some of the older people declared that in former times the dance was known in the south by the name Calinda.

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535 The Calinda dance, like the Vodoun, the Pétro, and several others, is mentioned frequently in the old literature on Haiti, Trinidad, Martinique, and Guadaloupe. It has been described variously as a funeral dance, an exhibitionistic sexual display, and a stick dance. It was reported by Saint-Méry as a dance in which men and women paired off. Early in the eighteenth century, Père Labat described it as a line dance, with the women on one side and the men on the other. Lafcadio Hearn saw it as a stick dance. And the word Calinda appears sometimes in songs of the Vodoun cult. The name may have lost specific meaning early in the life of the colonies; but it is more likely that early chroniclers used the term inexactly to refer to a multitude of different dances. In Haiti, [595) identification of the Calinda has been further confused by the existence of the Calinda secret society, which had special dances of its own, all called Calinda.

Although confusions and contradictions exist, the testimony of older Haitians is that the Calinda was a stick dance, known also by the name Mousondi.

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Balhindingue!
It is here my men are!
Cemetery thunder!
Balhindingue!
It is a single drum which dances!
Pardon, my father!
Balhindingue!
It is here my men are!

575 It is told of the Vinbindingue that their members are sometimes required to subject themselves to the ordeal of rubbing hot peppers in their eyes, which results in acute pain and temporary blindness. According to some explanations, this is one of the "tests" of a Vinbindingue man. Red, inflamed eyes are a standard symbol of malevolence. One informant explained that the Vinbindingue members blind themselves so that they cannot see what kind of flesh they are eating:

● [539] [533]

Jé'm pété m'pas wè ladans ma métté piment!
Jé'm pété m'pas wè ladans ma métté difé! [Ex. 125]

My eyes are blind, I can't see, I've put pepper in them!
My eyes are blind, I can't see, I've put fire in them!

575 266 *533 *539 Another Vinbindingue song is a humorously macabre dialogue between the members of the society and a victim. He is asked whether he would prefer to be quartered or eaten whole. Each time they are about to act according to his wishes he changes his mind:

Dévor a déquatier ça ou pitôt? Déquatier!
C'est catcha dévoré ça ou pitôt?
Moin'm assez déquatier!

C'est catcha dévoré ça ou pitôt?
Dévor a déquatier ça ou pitôt?
Moin pitot dévoré!

Dévor a déquatier ça ou pitôt?
Dévor a déquatier ça ou pitôt?
Moin pitot déquatier! [Ex. 126]

Devoured or quartered, which do you prefer? To be quartered!
Cut up or devoured, which do you prefer?
I've been quartered enough!

Cut up or devoured, which do you prefer?
Devoured or quartered, which do you prefer?
I'd sooner be devoured!

Devoured or quartered, which do you prefer?
Devoured or quartered, which do you prefer?
I'd sooner be quartered!

539 The stories that follow are "typical" tales, recorded in various parts of Haiti.

THE PRESIDENT WANTS NO MORE OF ANANSI

Anansi and all his smart ways irritated the President so much that the President told him one day: "Anansi, I'm tired of your foolishness. Don't you ever let me see your face again." So Anansi went away from the palace. And a few days later he saw the President coming down the street, so he quickly stuck his head into the open door of a limekiln.

Everyone on the street took off their hats when the President passed. When he came to the limekiln, he saw Anansi's behind sticking out. He became angry and said, "Qui bounda ça qui pas salué mwé?" (Whose behind is it that doesn't salute me?) Anansi took his head out of the limekiln and said, "C'est bounda 'Nansi qui pas salué ou." (It's Anansi's behind which didn't salute you.)

The President said angrily, "Anansi, you don't respect me."

Anansi said: "President, I was just doing what you told me to do. You told me never to let you see my face."

The President said: "Anansi, I've had enough of your foolishness. I don't ever want to see you again, clothed or naked."

So Anansi went away. But the next day when he saw the President coming down the street he took his clothes off and put a fish net over his head. When the President saw him he shouted, "Anansi, didn't I tell you I never wanted to see you again clothed or naked?" And Anansi said, "My President, I respect what you tell me. I'm not clothed and I'm not naked."

This time the President told him, "Anansi, if I ever catch you again on Haitian soil I'll have you shot."

So Anansi boarded a boat and sailed to Jamaica. He bought a pair of heavy shoes and put sand in them. Then he put the shoes on his feet and took another boat back to Haiti. When he arrived at Port-au-Prince he found the President standing on the pier.

"Anansi," the President said sternly, "didn't I tell you that if I ever caught you on Haitian soil again I'd have you shot?"

"You told me that, Papa, and I respected what you said. I went to Jamaica and filled my shoes with sand. So I didn't disobey you because I'm now walking on English soil."[3]

[3] [Footnote appears on P. 353, Category 116.--Analys;

BOUKI AND TI MALICE GO FISHING

Cric! Crac!

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Bouki and Ti Malice went into the fishing business together. Ti Malice painted the name St. Jacques on the front of the boat, poured some rum over it and christened it. Bouki took some rum and poured it over the back end of the boat and christened it Papa Pierre. They went out to sea and caught fish. When they came home, Ti Malice counted the fish. "There are eighteen fish," he said. "How shall we divide?"

"I'll take one and you take one until they're gone," Bouki said.

Malice said: "There are so few fish it isn't worth while. You take all the fish today and I'll take all the fish tomorrow."

"Oh no," Bouki said, "I'm not totally stupid. You take all today and I'll take all tomorrow." So Malice took all the fish.

They went out again the next day, and when they came home Malice counted again and said, "There are so few, you take all today and I'll take all tomorrow."

"Oh no," Bouki said, "you're trying to cheat me. You take all today and I'll take all tomorrow." So Malice took all.

The next day they went out again. And when they were returning Ti Malice said, "*Waille*, such a small catch. I'm glad it's your turn to take all today."

Bouki became angry and said, "Are you trying to break my head? I'm no fool. You take the catch today and I'll take it tomorrow."

Every day Ti Malice took the whole catch. Every day Bouki got nothing. Malice got fatter and Bouki got thinner. Every day it was this way, until one day Bouki looked at Malice and saw how fat he was getting. It came to him suddenly that he had been cheated. He shouted at Ti Malice and began to chase him. They ran through the peristyle of the town hounfor, and Ti Malice said "cata-cata," imitating the sound of a drum, and called on Ogoun and Damballa to save him.

They ran through the church, where the priest was holding a service. Malice crossed himself and said a quick prayer, without stopping for a second, and ran out again. They ran, ran, ran, and Bouki was getting closer. Ti Malice came to a limekiln with a hole in it. He tried to crawl through, but he stuck at the hips. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get through. Finally Bouki came along. He stopped and looked in all directions. There was no Ti Malice, only the behind facing him from the limekiln.

Bouki put on his best manners, and said, "Behind, have you seen Ti Malice?"

The behind replied, "Take off your hat when you address me."

Bouki took off his hat to Ti Malice's behind. He said politely, "Why are you smiling at me? I only asked if you saw Ti Malice?"

"I smile when I please," the behind said.

"Have you seen Ti Malice?" Bouki said.

"Push me and I'll tell you," the behind said.

Bouki pushed.

"Harder," the behind said.

Bouki pushed harder.

"Harder yet," the behind said.

Bouki gave a big push, and Ti Malice went through the hole into the limekiln. And that was the way he made his escape.[a]

BAPTIZING THE BABIES

Cric! Crac!

Malice and Bouki made a coumbite together. First they were going to cultivate Malice's garden; afterward Bouki's garden. So they took their machetes and started to work cultivating Malice's peas and yams.

Malice said, "Did you hear someone calling me?" Bouki replied, "I didn't hear anything."

They chopped weeds some more, and Ti Malice said, "Someone is calling me." He put down his machete and went over the hill. He went to Bouki's house and took down Bouki's honey gourd. He sat in the shade of Bouki's house and drank as much honey as he could. Then he hung the gourd up and went back to his field, where Bouki was working, working, working.

"Who was it?" Bouki asked. "Oh, those people wanted me to be godfather to their baby." Bouki asked, "What did you name the baby?" Ti Malice said "I named him *Coummencé* (Beginning)."

They chopped more weeds, and Malice said, "Excuse me, someone is calling me again." He put down his machete and went over the hill back to Bouki's house. He took down the honey gourd and sat in the shade and drank as much as he could. Bouki was still in Malice's garden, working, working, working. Malice put the honey gourd back and returned to his garden.

"Some important people wanted me for godfather," Malice said. Bouki asked, "What did you name the baby?" Ti Malice answered, "I called this one *Dé Fois* (Two Times)."

They worked some more, and Malice said, "*Waille*, they are calling me again." He put his machete down and went over the hill to Bouki's house

[a] [Footnote appears on P. 353, Category 116.--Analyst]

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and got the honey gourd down again. He drank, drank, drank until it was all gone. Then he came back.

Bouki had finished weeding Malice's garden. "What did you call this baby?" Bouki asked. "Oh, this one was the last, so I called him *Ai Bobo* (Finish)," Malice said.

Malice's garden was all cultivated. He said to Bouki, "Now we will cultivate your garden." But Bouki was exhausted from doing Malice's work as well as his own. He said, "I'll have to let my own weeds grow. I'm done in."

He went home and took his honey gourd down for a drink, but it was empty. He was so angry he kicked me all the way here to tell you about it.[8]

UNCLE BOUKI GETS WHEE-AI

Uncle Bouki went down to the city to market, to sell some yams, and while he was there he got hungry. He saw an old man squatting by the side of the road, eating something. The old man was enjoying his food tremendously, and Bouki's mouth watered. Bouki tipped his hat and said to the old man, "Where can I get some of whatever you are eating?" But the old man was deaf. He didn't hear a word Bouki said. Bouki asked him then, "What do you call that food?" Just then the old man bit into a hot pepper, and he said loudly, "Whee-ai!" Bouki thanked him and went into the market. He went everywhere asking for five centimes worth of whee-ai. The people only laughed. Nobody had any whee-ai.

He went home thinking about whee-ai. He met Ti Malice on the way. Ti Malice listened to him and said, "I will get you some whee-ai." Malice went down and got some cactus leaves. He put them in a sack. He put some oranges on top of the cactus leaves. He put a pineapple on top. Then a potato. Then he brought the sack to Bouki. Bouki reached in and took out a potato. "That's no whee-ai," he said. He reached in and took out a pineapple. "That no whee-ai," Bouki said. He reached in and took out oranges. "That's no whee-ai," he said. Then he reached way to the bottom and grabbed the cactus leaves. The needles stuck into his hand. He jumped into the air. He shouted, "Whee-ai!"

"That's your whee-ai," Malice said.

BOUKI AND TI BEF

Bouki and Ti Bef (Calf). The calf's mother had died. He was an orphan. Bouki was crossing the fields one day and he saw Ti Bef grazing all by himself. Bouki's mouth watered. He wanted to eat Ti Bef. So he said, "Ti

[8] [Footnote appears on P. 353, Category 116.--Analyst]

539 Bef, I haven't seen you for a long time. Where do you live these days?" But the calf knew Bouki. So he said, "I sleep over there on top of the hill."

That night Bouki took a sack and crept to the top of the hill; but he couldn't find Ti Bef. Ti Bef was sleeping in the woods. Bouki looked all night without finding him, and when he went home his children said, "Where is Ti Bef?" Bouki just slapped them and told them to keep quiet. The next day Bouki saw Ti Bef grazing, and he asked, "Ti Bef, where were you last night? I dropped by and I didn't find you home."

Ti Bef said: "Oh, last night I found a place in the woods. That is where I sleep now."

The next night Bouki searched in the woods, but he didn't find the calf. The next day, he said to Ti Bef, "Oh Ti Bef, I just happened to drop by the woods last night, but I didn't find you home. Where were you?" And the calf replied, "Last night I found a nice place by the spring. That's where I sleep now."

So the next night Bouki took his sack and searched by the spring, but he didn't find Ti Bef. He began to get very angry.

When he saw Ti Bef the next day he said, "Ti Bef, you have been telling me lies. Where do you really live?" Ti Bef said to him, "Nonc' Bouki, I really live in that cave there in the mountain."

The cave belonged to a tiger. That night Bouki took his sack and went up to the cave. He said, "Are you there?" And the tiger replied, "Of course I'm here." So Bouki went into the dark cave, took hold of the tiger, and tried to put him in the sack. But the tiger knocked Bouki down. He tore his clothes off, he bit him, and he mauled him. Bouki ran home. His children wanted to know where Ti Bef was. Bouki said, "Woy, that Ti Bef is a devil! He is so small and weak in the daytime, but at night he's as ferocious as a tiger! So if you happen to meet him anywhere, show him the greatest respect."

I asked Bouki about it myself, and he kicked me from there to here to tell you about it.

JEAN SAUTE MAKES THE KING'S DAUGHTER LAUGH

One day Jean Saute's mother sent him to the city to work as an apprentice with a storekeeper. After Jean had worked with the storekeeper for a month, the man gave him a small goat for his wages. Jean carried the goat home on his head. When the neighbors saw him coming they all had to laugh at Jean's stupidity, and Jean's mother was very embarrassed. "That's no way to do with a goat," she scolded. "You tie it on a cord and put it on the ground."

But the next month the storekeeper paid Jean in money. So Jean tied a string to the money and dragged it on the ground till he got home. Jean's mother was angry. "That's not what you do with money," she said. "You put it in your pocket!"

When Jean got back to the city the king was offering a reward to anyone who could make his daughter laugh. It was said that the king's daughter had never laughed since she was born.

The storekeeper paid Jean off with a donkey the next time. Remembering the scolding his mother had given him, Jean tried to put the donkey in his pocket. Just then the king's daughter passed. When she saw Jean Saute trying to put the donkey in his pocket, she had to laugh. And when the king heard about it he gave Jean Saute the reward.

THE SINGING TORTOISE

A tortoise was crawling along slowly one day when he came to a fine garden where many birds were eating. They were eating the peas and millet of a farmer named Pierre Jean. The turkey, the chicken, the pigeon, the duck, and even the *récinole* [nightingale] were there. They invited the tortoise to eat with them. But he replied: "Oh, no. If the farmer who owns the garden surprises us, you can fly away. But where would I be? He would catch me and beat me."

The birds said, "We will give you wings." And each of the birds took some of its feathers and attached them to the tortoise. So he came and ate with them. But while they were eating, the récinole called out, "Habitant 'rivé! Habitant 'rivé!" (The farmer is coming! The farmer is coming!). And in a panic they all grabbed the feathers they had given the tortoise and flew away. Tortoise crawled, crawled, crawled; but he was too slow. Uncle Pierre Jean caught him. He was going to beat him. But the tortoise began to sing:

> Colico Pierre Jean oh!
> Colico Pierre Jean oh!
> Si'm capab' m'pito volé, enhé!
> C'est regrettant ça, m'pas gainyain zel!
>
> Colico Pierre Jean, oh!
> Colico Pierre Jean, oh!
> If I could I would fly, *enhé!*
> What a tragedy, I have no wings!

The farmer was amazed to hear a tortoise sing. He liked the tortoise's song, and he asked him to sing again. Tortoise sang his song again. Pierre Jean took the tortoise home and put him in a box. Then he went to

539 Port-au-Prince and asked the people to make bets with him. He said he would bet them any amount of money he had a tortoise that could sing. Some people bet one gourde, some people bet five gourdes. And then the President came along in his carriage. When he saw the crowd he stopped and said, "Ça nous gainyain icite?" ("What is going on here?")

When he heard about Pierre Jean's singing tortoise, the President said, "This man is a Ti Malice; there aren't any tortoises that sing. I will bet you one hundred thousand gourdes." But Pierre Jean said, "I can't bet that much. I am a poor man." The President said, "Nevertheless, you are a vagabond trying to cheat the people. I will bet you one hundred thousand gourdes. If you lose the bet I will have you shot."

Meanwhile Madame Pierre Jean heard rumors that her husband had a talking tortoise in the house. She searched until she found the tortoise, and she asked him to sing. "I can only sing by the edge of the river," the tortoise said. So she took him to the edge of the river. "My feet must be wet," the tortoise said. So she put him in the water by the bank of the river. And then he crawled into the water quickly and swam away. Madame Pierre Jean heard the crowd coming up to the house from the city. She was frightened. She ran home, and on the way she caught a small lizard. She put the lizard in the box and closed the lid. When the men from the city arrived, Pierre Jean took them to the box. The President said, "Let the singing begin."

Pierre Jean said then, "Sing, tortoise, sing." The lizard replied from inside the box, "Cric!" Pierre Jean said again, "Sing, tortoise sing!" And the lizard replied, "Crac!" The President was angry and said, "You call that singing? Open the box!" They opened the box and found only the small zandolite. The President said, "You are a cheat. Take this man down to the river to have him shot." So they took Pierre Jean down to the river and stood him by a tree to shoot him. And just at that moment the tortoise stuck his head out of the water and sang:

Colico Pierre Jean oh!
Colico Pierre Jean oh!
Si ou capab' ou pito volé enhé!
C'est regrettant ça, ou pas gainyain zel!

Colico Pierre Jean, oh!
Colico Pierre Jean, oh!
If you could you would fly, *enhé!*
What a tragedy you have no wings!

"Ah, that is my tortoise!" Pierre Jean said. "Listen to him sing!" And the tortoise continued to sing.

Colico Président, oh!
Colico Président, oh!
Nonc' Pierre Jean pa'lé trop enhé!
Sotte pas tuyé Haitien, fai li sié!

Colico President, oh!
Colico President, oh!
Uncle Pierre Jean talks too much, *enhé!*
Stupidity doesn't kill a Haitian, it makes him sweat!

When the President heard that, he turned Pierre Jean loose and paid him the hundred thousand gourdes. But it was the last they saw of the singing tortoise.*

FROG, CHIEF OF THE WELL

One time there was a drought, and there was no place for the animals to get water. So God provided a well where all the animals could come to drink, and he put Frog in charge. Frog was to receive the animals who came to quench their thirst. But when the animals came, the frog refused to provide them with water. When the cow came to drink, the frog sang from inside the well:

M'apé mandé ça qui là donc, enhé, ça qui là?
M'apé mandé ça qui là donc, enhé, ça qui là?

I am asking who is there, *enhé*, who is there?
I am asking who is there, *enhé*, who is there?

And the cow sang back:

C'est moin bèf qui nan pi à!

It is I, the cow, at the well!

And the frog replied:

Moin dit bèf allez donc,	I say, cow, go away,
Pi à chèche! [Ex. 177]	The well is dry!

The cow went away and died from thirst. Then the horse came and asked for water, and the frog conversed in the same way with him as he had with the cow:

M'apé mandé ça qui là donc, enhé, ça qui là?
M'apé mandé ça qui là donc, enhé, ça qui là?
C'est moin ch'wal qui nan pi à!
Moin dit ch'wal nan point dleau,
Pi à chèche!

* [Footnote appears on p. 353, Category 116.--Analyst]

I am asking who is there, *enhé*, who is there?
I am asking who is there, *enhé*, who is there?
It is I, the horse, at the well!
I say, horse, there is no water,
The well is dry!

The horse went away suffering, and he died of thirst. The other animals came in turn: the donkey, the goat, the dog, the cat, and the birds. The frog turned them all away in the same manner, and they suffered and died of thirst.

So, one day, God said: "What is this? I put Frog in charge of the water. I will have to go and see what is the matter." So he went to the well, and when he got there the frog called out:

M'apé mandé ça qui là, enhé, ça qui là?
M'apé mandé ça qui là, enhé, ça qui là?

And God replied:

C'est moin Papa Bondieu qui nan pi à!

It is I, Father God, who is at the well!

And Frog answered:

Papa Bondieu nen point dleau,
Pi à chèche!

Father God, there is no water,
The well is dry!

So God cut off the frog's tail. From that time on, the frog has had no tail; but you still find him in the well.

UN, DEUX, TROIS, CINQ, SIX

In a small village on the edge of a forest there lived a woman with an only son, a hunchback named Jean. She sent Jean into the forest to gather firewood one day. The boy went a little farther in his search than he had ever gone before, and he came upon a clearing in which a crowd of little *djab* (devil) children were playing games. He stood on the edge of the clearing and watched them. As they danced around in a circle they sang:

Un, deux, trois, cinq, six,
C'est con ça ti djab fai ti mi.

One, two, three, five, six,
That's the way little djab make millet.

One of the djab children saw him and invited him to join in the game. So he joined them, dancing the way they did and singing their song. They were so delighted with him that they took him to the djab village, which lay deeper in the forest. They told their fathers and mothers about how nice Jean was, and how he played djab games with them. The big djab gathered around and asked him to sing the song for them. He sang:

One, two, three, five, six,
That's the way little djab make millet.

The djab were so pleased with Jean that they removed the hump from his back and gave him a bag of gold. Jean went home, and when his mother saw he no longer had a hump she was very happy. He told her what had happened, and he gave her the bag of gold.

Next door to the poor woman there lived a rich widow with a spoiled and arrogant boy just Jean's age. His name was Jacques. When the widow heard of the gold Jean had brought home from the djab, she sent Jacques into the forest too. She gave him three empty sacks to fill with treasure, and he went to the clearing where the little djab were playing. They were singing:

One, two, three, five, six,
That's the way the little djab make millet.

Without waiting to be invited, he ran forward and said, "What's the matter with you stupid djab, don't you know how to count? The song should go like this:

Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six,
Djab sotte ça yo pas con' fai anyien.

One, two, three, four, five, six,
The stupid djab don't know how to do anything.

The djab children stopped their playing. But they took Jacques home to their village and told the big djab, "This boy says we don't know how to do anything." The big djab gathered around and asked the boy to sing for them. Again he sang:

One, two, three, four, five, six,
The stupid djab don't know how to do anything.

The big djab frowned and asked him what his empty sacks were for. He told them, "The hunchbacked boy came and you took care of him. I came so you could take care of me."

The djab told Jacques, "We will do something for you, too." And they took the hump they had removed from Jean's back and put it on Jacques' back, and they put rocks in his empty sacks. When he got home, his mother shrieked at the sight of him, but it was too late.

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That is why people sometimes warn other people not to be arrogant by saying "Djab saute ça yo pas conné fai anyien."

THE FOUR HUNCHBACKS

Three hunchbacked brothers lived with their father in a village in the deep woods. They were all woodcutters. One day the father, who was an old man, died. When he had been buried and the *gage* had been held for him, the brothers said to each other, "There is no need for us to stay any longer in the woods. Let us go to our brother in the city."

So they dressed in their best clothes and went to the city. They found the shop which their brother owned, and they entered. Their brother, also a hunchback, was not there, but his wife was tending the shop. When they told her who they were, her heart sank. She said to herself, "Now my husband will want to take care of these hillbillies. We'll have to share everything with them!" But she talked nicely as though they were welcome, and she took them to her house and fed them; but she put poison into their food so that they died.

Then she found a man with a boat, and she told him she'd give him twenty-five gourdes if he'd take a body out to sea and dispose of it. So he came to the house, and she showed him one of the bodies. He put it in a sack and carried it down to his boat. He took the body out to sea and threw it overboard. Then he came back for his money. She then showed him the body of the second brother and said, "But you haven't done the work yet. Here is the body just where I left it." The boatman was confused. He was sure he had already done the job. But he put the second body in his sack, lugged it to his boat, and went out to sea with it.

He returned after that to the woman's house, but she said, "What kind of a man are you that wants to be paid before he works?" And she showed him the body of the third brother. The boatman became furious. "So you've come back!" he shouted at the body. "This time you are going out to sea to stay!" And he carted the body down to his boat. This time he sailed far out to sea and disposed of it. "That is the end," the boatman said. "Now I will get my money."

He returned to the woman's house. Night was just falling, and the woman's husband was just returning. When the boatman's eyes fell on him he went into a rage.

"So!" he shouted, "So you're back again! And walking around, too! I'll fix you this time." He leaped upon the woman's husband and killed him, dragged his body down to the sea, and threw it in.

[P. 185]

17. Children's World: Gage Songs and Games

On the night of last prayers for a deceased person, and on other party 533
occasions, children while away the hours until bedtime with special songs 524
and games. Sometimes the games are led by an older member of the 764
family. More often, left to their own devices, the children play unsupervised. It is regarded as fitting that the youngest members of the community should be enjoying themselves while the last rites are being held
for one who has recently died. This view is held not merely in regard to [535]
children; older people, too, engage in gay activities, such as dancing the
Juba.

Many children's games are known throughout the country, others have 184
only a regional popularity. The games mentioned here are among those 524
played in southern Haiti, mainly in the neighborhood of the capital, Port-au-Prince.

One favorite is known as Balancé Yaya. The children—as few as four 524
or as many as ten or twelve—crouch on the ground in a circle. Each of them has a stone in his hand, which he strikes rhythmically on the earth as they sing together: [533] [539]

Jésus, Marie, Joseph oh,
Rat là mangé pigeon moin.
Jésus, Marie, Joseph oh,
Rat là mangé pigeon moin.
Rat pasé, Robinette pasé,
Fai' ti Marie marché, allé là. . . . [Ex. 129]

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, oh,
The rat has eaten my pigeon.
Jesus, Mary, Joseph, oh,
The rat has eaten my pigeon.
The rat goes by, Robinette goes by,
Make little Mary walk, go there. . . .

524 533 On the words *allé là*, each of the players slides his stone in front of another person. There is no fixed direction of rotation, and the stone may be passed to the left or to the right, or even across the circle. This passing of stones continues while the players sing:

[539]

Balancé Yaya,
Yaya oh,
Yaya Madame Mango,
Balancé Yaya moin,
Moin fai' prière moin,
C'est pou' Yaya,
Balancé Yaya
Yaya oh
Yaya Madame Mango. [Ex. 129]

Even up, Yaya,
Yaya, oh,
Yaya Madame Mango,
Even up, my Yaya.
I say my prayers,
They are for Yaya,
Even up, Yaya,
Yaya, oh,
Yaya Madame Mango.

While this part of the song is being sung, the stones are being passed rapidly this way and that. Players may use only one hand for this purpose, and at some stage one of them finds himself with more stones in front of him than he can dispose of, and he is declared *gage*, or "it." Then the game begins anew.

524 In another animated game called Théatre, the boys and girls stand in a circle and sing, clapping hands and going through a variety of postures, gestures, and dance steps. It is a sort of "follow the leader" routine. First, one of the group makes rhythmic motions in time to the music, and the other players must do the same thing. The leader may swing his hips, do fancy footwork, posture with his arms, or twist about, and the others in the circle are obliged to imitate him. Then another child gets his turn to set the pace. One of the songs heard with this game is the following, which imitates the voice of the guinea hen:

[533]
[539)

Cipan Cimalo!
C'est ça manman'm té dit moin,
Cipan Cimalo!
C'est ça manman'm té dit moin,
Cipan Cimalo!
Aie tain tain Cimalo!
Raing taing taing Cimalo!
Tcink tcink tcink tcink Cimalo!
Wa tcink tcink Cimalo!
(And so on, with variations.) [Ex. 130]

Cipan Cimalo!
This is what my mother told me,
Cipan Cimalo!
This is what my mother told me,
Cipan Cimalo!
Aie tain tain Cimalo!

524
[533]
[539]

Raing taing taing Cimalo!
Taink taink taink taink Cimalo!
Wa taink taink Cimalo!

For the game called Délina, two chairs are required as props. They are placed a few feet from each other, facing toward the center. Behind one chair is a boy, behind the other a girl. The other children clap their hands and sing:

[533]
[539]

Coté'm passé, Délina!	Wherever I pass is Délina!
Coté'm viré, c'est Délina!	Wherever I turn is Délina!
Manman manman, Délina!	Grandmother, Délina!
Papa papa, Délina!	Grandfather, Délina!
Manman manman, Délina!	Grandmother, Délina!
Papa papa, Délina!	Grandfather, Délina!
Coté'm passé, Délina!	Wherever I pass is Délina!
Coté'm viré, c'est Délina!	Wherever I turn is Délina!
Délina jobé oh jobé, Délina!	Délina works, oh, works, Délina!
Jobé pou' la'gent, Délina! [Ex. 131]	Works for money, Délina!

The two children in the center, at a given signal, begin to move, each circling his own chair. The circling continues, the girl pacing her movements in an effort to avoid meeting the boy face to face. The boy times his movements so that he may meet the girl face to face. If and when he accomplishes his purpose he takes his reward—an embrace—and another couple comes forward to repeat the play.

Another game of the courting variety is called Find a Beautiful Woman. A chair is placed in the center of the play area, and a girl is designated to sit there as the "beautiful woman." She has nothing else to do. The others sing:

[533]
[539]

Chach' yun femme qui belle oh!
Sindé, Sindé Macaya!
Chach' yun femme qui belle, frè?
Sindé, Sindé Macaya! [Ex. 132]

Look for a woman who is beautiful, oh!
Sindé, Sindé Macaya!
Look for a woman who is beautiful, brother!
Sindé, Sindé Macaya!

Holding a kerchief in his hand, one of the children marches or dances around the chair of the "beautiful woman." After several trips around, he retires and drops the kerchief in the lap of another player, who comes forward and repeats the performance. Anyone who refuses to pay his respects to the "beautiful woman" is "it."

Some games are of the personal "test" or ordeal kind. In one of them

534 its tension is varied by pressure on the bowed stick with the other hand, producing a change of pitch. The covered hole acts as a sound chamber.

In a "portable" model of the mosquito drum a tin pail or can is used for a sounding chamber. The pail is inverted and fastened to a small plank, to which the sapling also is affixed. It is believed by some observers that the instrument has special significance during the pre-Easter holidays (Mardi Gras and Rara),[1] but it may be used at almost any time of the year. The "accompaniment" for the mosquito drum usually consists of some kind of *cata*—sticks beaten upon a board or on the drumhead itself. On occasion, two or three of these instruments are beaten together, and the rough bark membrane may be rasped for additional effects. Most of the songs that go with the mosquito drum are secular. One of the appropriate songs favored by children goes: [541] [533] [539]

Maringouin dit moin ta zwing oh!
Maringouin dit moin ta zwing!
Ta zwing oh!
Ta zwing! [Ex. 166]

Mosquito says I will zwing, oh!
Mosquito says I will zwing!
Will zwing, oh!
Will zwing! *

534 171 The earth bow has a clear African ancestry. In almost identical form it has been found in the French Sudan, among the Washambala of East Africa, the Bongos in the eastern Congo, the Bafia and Baya in the Cameroons, the Fulbe in the Sahara region, and the Futadjallon people in Nigeria.[2]

The German explorer Georg Schweinfurth might have been describing a Haitian scene when he wrote, some eighty-five years ago, of the Bongos:

> Performers may be seen sitting for an hour together with an instrument of this sort: They stick one end of the bow into the ground, and fasten the string over a cavity covered with bark, which opens into an aperture for the escape of the sound. They pass one hand from one part of the bow to another, and with the other they play upon the string with the bamboo twig and produce a variety of humming airs which are really rather pretty. This is a common pastime with the lads who are put in charge of the goats. I have seen them apply themselves very earnestly and with obvious interest to their musical practice, and the ingenious use to which they apply the secrets of the theory of sound.[3]

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* The hum of the mosquito as it strikes.

[1] [Comhaire Sylvain, Les Contes haitiens, pp. 97-98. Cf. p. 354, Category 116.--Analyst]

[2] [Curt Sachs' Geist und Werden der Musikinstrument (Berlin, 1924), pp. 60-61. Cf. p. 354, Cat. 116.--Analyst]

[3] [Schweinfurth, The Heart of Africa, I, 287. Cf. p. 354 Category 116.--Analyst)

[P-334]

3. Proverbs

539 *Jou' fè tombé nans dleau c'est pas jou'l pourri.*
The day a leaf falls in the water is not the day it rots. (Don't count your chickens before they're hatched.)

Dèyè morne gainyain morne.
Behind the mountains are mountains. (No matter how powerful someone is, there are others with powers equal to his.)

C'est pas tout chien qui japé ou pou' viré ga'dé.
You don't have to turn around and look at every dog that barks at you. (Don't worry about every complaint or threat that you hear.)

Chien gain' quat' pieds mais'l pas ça fait quat' chimin.
A dog has four feet but he can't travel four roads at once. (Said when someone is making excessive demands.)

Bois plus rwo di'l wè loin, graine proméné di'l wè plus loin.
The high tree says he sees far, the walking (traveling) seed says he sees farther. (The small and weak may have more sense than the large and strong.)

Rat mangé cane, zandolite mouri innocent.
The rat eats the sugar cane, the zandolite dies innocent. (One person commits an offense, an innocent person is punished.)

Ça'q ba ou conseil acheté choual gros vent' saison lapluit mais saison sec li pas aidé ou nouri.
A person who gives you advice to buy a horse with a big belly in the rainy season won't help you feed yourself when the dry season comes. (That is, a horse with a big belly is a big eater; there is plenty of grass for him when it rains but not much in the dry season, and a person who gives the foolish advice to buy such a horse isn't likely to be helpful in an emergency.)

Caca pas piquant mais li fout ou marché bwété.
Excrement isn't sharp but it makes you limp. (That is, it isn't like a thorn, but if you step in it, it throws you off your stride. Said about some unpleasant affair you'd like to ignore but cannot.)

Bocor ba ou pouin mais l'pas dit ou dormi grand chimin.
The bocor gives you a protective charm but he doesn't tell you to sleep in the middle of the highway. (Even if you feel safe, don't take unnecessary risks.)

Jean chaché, Jean trouvé.
Jean seeks, Jean finds. (If you look for trouble you find it.)

Rajé gain' zoreille.
The woods have ears. (Take care not to speak your business loudly.)

Chat choudé nans dleau chaud li wè dleau frète li peur.
If a cat is burned with hot water, when he sees cold water he is afraid. (Once burned twice shy.)

Cochon marron conné souki bois li forté.
A wild pig knows on which tree he should scratch himself. (A person knows how to take care of himself.)

Tor' bombé jam' gras.
The bellowing bull is never fat. (Refers to a person who brags but accomplishes little.)

Prison pas fait pou' chien.
Prisons weren't built for dogs. (If a person commits a bad act, no one is surprised if justice catches up with him.)

Roche nans dleau pas conné douleur roche nans soleil.
A rock in the water doesn't comprehend the suffering of the rock in the sun. (If you haven't suffered you can't understand the suffering of others.)

Tambour prèté pas fait bon danse.
A borrowed drum doesn't make a good dance. (A person who lends a drum may reclaim it at any moment. If you are dependent on others you are at their mercy.)

Sotte pas tuyé ou, li fait ou swè.
Stupidity doesn't kill you, but it makes you sweat.

Changana changana.
What is mine is mine. (Perhaps what I have isn't as good as someone else's, but it belongs to me.)

Zaffair Nèg' pas pitit mais c'est jam' quançon qui jis.
The man's affairs aren't small, it's just that his pants are too tight. (Said of a person who may look ludicrous but who nevertheless is well off.)

Bel Français, pas lesprit pou' ça.
Your speaking good French doesn't mean you're smart.

Rayi chien mais dit dent li blanche.
Hate the dog but say his teeth are white. (Give the devil his due. Though you despise a person remember that he is not without means to injure you.)

Bef qui gainyain queue pas janbé difé.
A cow with a tail doesn't walk across a fire. (People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.)

Jé wè bouche pé.
The eyes see, the mouth is silent. (Don't talk about everything you observe.)

Bat' chien mais tend' maît' li.
Hit the dog but listen for his master.

539 *Jardin loin gombo dur.*
If the garden is far, the okra is hard. (If you can't reach the grapes, they're sour.)

Baton qui bat' chien noi' c'est li qui bat' chien blanc.
The stick that beats the black dog [also] beats the white dog. (A knife cuts both ways, or a misfortune can happen to you, too.)

Bourrique fait pitit pou' dos'l posé.
A donkey has children so that he can rest his back.

Lè ba'b zami ou prend difé mettè ba'b ou à latramp.
When your friend's beard catches fire, put your beard to soaking.

Vente gran' gout pas gain' zoreille.
A starving belly doesn't have ears. (That is, it doesn't listen to explanations.)

Mapou tombé, cabrit mangé fé li.
The mapou tree falls, the goat eats its leaves. (When the mighty fall they are helpless even before the weak. This proverb is also used to comment on ingratitude, for the goat eats the leaves that have given him shade.)

Pas quitté bourrique pou' bat' macoute.
Don't leave the donkey to beat the saddle basket. (Don't lose your head and allow the donkey to run away.)

Zozo raide pas gainyain zoreille.
A hard penis has no ears.

Zaffai' mouton pas zaffai' cabrit.
The sheep's affair is none of the goat's business.

Fer coupé fer.
Iron cuts iron. (A person may be strong, but he is not invincible.)

Corde coupé corde.
Cord cuts cord.

Si fer pas coupé fer mashoquet pas gain' travaille.
If iron didn't cut iron, the blacksmith wouldn't have any work. (There's an antidote for everything.)

Apres danse, tambour toujour lourd.
After the dance is over the drum is always heavy.

Jou' fé tombé nans dleau c'est pas jou' li coulé.
The day a leaf falls into the water isn't the day it sinks. (The battle isn't over yet.)

Tambouyé pas capab' dansé.
The drummer can't dance. (Each person has his role. A person can't do too many things at once.)

Dé morne pas capab' rencontré, dé moune capab'.
Two mountains cannot meet, two men can. (That is, agreement is possible among people.)

Pilé pied'm ou mandé pa'don, ça pa'don wa fait pou' moin?
You step on my foot and ask my pardon, what good will the pardon do me? (If you injure me the damage is done and it is too late to apologize.)

Yun seul dwèt pas capab' mangé gombo.
A single finger can't eat okra. (Food is picked up by the fingers. A single finger is inadequate. Used in the sense of "two heads are better than one," or coöperation makes possible what a person cannot do alone.)

Tête caille cap' trompé soleil, main li pas capab' trompé lapluit.
A roof can fool the sun, but it can't fool the rain. (A person may get by in certain situations, but if he has deficiencies they will show up when the real test comes.)

Jou' malheur lait caillé cassé tête ou.
On a bad day clabbered milk breaks your head. (That is, when things are going badly even clabbered milk can hurt if it falls on you.)

Fourmi pas jam' mouri en bas barrique suc'.
The ant never dies under a barrel of sugar.

Gourd couvri gourd, ou couis couvri couis.
Gourd covers gourd, or bowl covers bowl. (For every force there is an equal or superior force.)

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5. Translations of Songs in Chapter 19

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539 Many of the Creole song texts included with the music in chapter 19 are translated and explained in earlier chapters. The following examples are translations of song texts in chapter 19 to which there is no reference elsewhere in the book.

EXAMPLE 133

Èzilie Wèdo, *ago*, oh!
The Creoles say like this,
I am not in Africa any more,
I shall do as I please!
The Creoles say like this,
I am not in Africa any more,
I shall do as I please, oh!
I bring myself,
I take myself away,
I do what I please, oh!

[976]
[192] (Èzilie Wèdo is the name of a loa. She boasts that she comes to Haiti and returns to Africa whenever she wishes. The word *ago* is exclamatory and means something like "I am here.")

EXAMPLE 134

The Forty Days [Lent], three women, three virgins,
Prayers for the saints, prayers for the walking saints!
Prayers for the loa Saint Antoine, oh, we ask your pardon!

EXAMPLE 135

In Africa are loa, oh!
Èvo èvo, hounsi kanzo!
Èvo èvo, hounsi kanzo!
In Africa are loa, *aibobo*!

(*Evo évo* is ritual language. Hounsi kanzo are the servitors of the hounfor being addressed by an unidentified loa.) 533 539 [198] [794]

Example 136

Achadé, oh, oh!
Achadé, I have no mother here to speak for me!
Achadé, oh!
Achadé, I have no mother here to speak for me!
Oh Achadé, oh!
Ogoun is bad, oh!
Achadé Papa!
Ogoun is bad, oh!
Etc.

(The song is addressed to the loa Achadé; it complains of the behavior of another loa, Ogoun.) [782]

Example 137

Beat the drum for me!
I shall . . . , beat the drum for me!
Etc.
Three times after the Angelus, oh!
Three times after the Angelus, oh!

(This appears to be a children's game song. Three "times" after the Angelus would be three hours after six o'clock in the evening.) [524]

Example 138

Liberist fell down!
Liberist fell down! *Adiél*
I am sending a whip for his back!
Etc.

(A children's game song.)

Example 139

Adaïzo!
Miyenvalo Aloko, my Loko, Adaïzo!
Miyenvalo Aloko, my Loko, Adaïzo!
Miyenvalo my Loko, Adaïzo!
Etc.

(This is a song of supplication to the loa Loko. The word *miyenvalo* signifies supplication.) [782]

Example 140

Ten cents is not a dollar,
Cousin, don't take cousin, oh, cousin!

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Cousin, oh, cousin, oh,
Cousin, don't take cousin, oh, cousin!

[436] (A *gourdain* is one-quarter of a gourde, or the equivalent of five cents in United States money. *Dé gourdain* is ten cents.)

[198] EXAMPLE 141 consists entirely of ritual language.

EXAMPLE 142

Call Damballa, call Domici, call Damballa Wèdo,
Damballa, call Damballa Wèdo, Damballa.

[776] (Damballa and Domici are the names of loa.)

EXAMPLE 143

Ibo, I am a big man, oh!
Ibo, I am a big man, oh!
Ibo, I am the patriarch, oh, I am the patriarch, oh,
I am the chief of my house!

[776] [192] (Ibo is the name of a loa, from whose point of view the song is being sung. Ibo is stating his seniority in his house, or family, for there are other loa related to him. The word *grand* in Creole, as used here, is difficult to translate. It means good or elder, or both. A *grand famille* is the oldest in the extended family, and usually carries the connotation of head or chief.)

EXAMPLE 144

Ibo Ibo é, Samardi Kama!
Etc.

[776] (Samardi Kama is the name of a loa of the Ibo family. The song consists of a repetition of his name, with variations.)

EXAMPLE 145

Ibo Ibo é, Marianni é!
Etc., with variations.

[776] (This is a song to the loa Marianni, of the Ibo family. Except for his name, in various combinations, there are no words.)

[198] [989] EXAMPLE 146 is a song for the making of magic. It is entirely in ritual language.

EXAMPLE 147

Call Osange, call Labosan in the water!
Osange, oh, call Osange in the water!
Osange, oh, call Osange in the water!

(A song for the loa Osange. Literally, the song specifies Osange "in the water," but the sense is "under the water," where the loa reside. 533 539 [192]

Example 148

Yabofé my dear, they don't need me!
I will see [enter through] the center post if they *djagwé!*
Yabofé my dear, they don't need me!
I will see the center post if they *djagwé!*
Ferei doesn't see me any more!
I will see the center post if they *djagwé!*

(Yabofé and Ferei are the names of loa. Even though addressed as "Yabofé my dear," it is Yabofé who is speaking. If one thinks of it as "Dear Yabofé says," the shifting point of view becomes less confusing. The term *djagwé* indicates a kind of tension and excitement which builds up before possessions take place. Yabofé says that if the people *djagwé* he is prepared to enter through the center post.) [776]

Example 149

Take me (to go), oh!
To the house, oh!

Example 150

Damballa! Damballa!
Damballa Wèdo Damballa!
Damballa, *enhé!*
Sacred Damballa! Damballa!

(The song is an invocation to the loa Damballa. The word *enhé* is exclamatory.) [782] [192]

Example 151

Ibo Lélé, oh!

(Ibo Lélé is the name of a loa.)

Example 152

We thread our way [like a snake],
Damballa Wèdo is a snake, oh!

(The "threading" is a description of conventionalized dance movements suggesting the crawling of a snake. The loa Damballa is identified as a snake.) [535] [776]

Example 153

Loko Sindé asks for wind, é!

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Wind, wind, wind, Loko Sindé asks for wind!
Wind, wind, wind!

[776] (The loa Loko Sindé calls for wind to make the sailboat move.)

EXAMPLE 154

Innocent, don't you see I'm innocent!
It is God in heaven who will judge me!
Innocent, don't you see I'm innocent!
It is God in heaven who will judge me!
Ferei's goat here looks for the water road!
The goat of the saints seeks the road to the house!
In Africa everyone is sick, oh!
Papa, I will save them!

EXAMPLE 155

Marianni, oh!
Adié, Moundongue!
Marianni!
To the other side I am passing!
I am leaving here!

[776] (This is a song to the loa Marianni Moundongue. He says he is leaving the hounfor to return to the other side—that is, Africa.)

EXAMPLE 156

Azui, oh, I am a snake, oh!
Azui Papa, I am a snake, oh!
Azui, oh, I am a snake, oh!
Azui Papa, I am a snake, oh!
Don't you see the pouin there is spoiled?
Don't you see the pouin there is spoiled?
It has rolled into the mud!
I sound my asson!

[776] (Azui is a loa characterized as a snake. The second part of the song is topical. It appears that a pouin, or magic bundle, has fallen into the mud and been soiled. The last line represents words of the houngan, who shakes his ritual rattle.)

EXAMPLE 157

Ah! It is I, it is I, it is I!
It is I, oh, it is Mademoiselle Ayida, it is I!
Sitting by the boat there they speak ill of us (me), oh!
It is I, oh, it is I, centerpost, it is I!

[776] (Mademoiselle Ayida is the loa Ayida Wèdo.)

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EXAMPLE 158

Ayida isn't joking, oh!
Ayida isn't joking with them!
Enla, [ritual] language, oh!
Ayida isn't joking, oh!
Ayida isn't joking with them!
Those who wish to be satisfied are satisfied!
Those who wish to be angry are angry, oh!
Ayida, oh!
Ayida isn't joking with them!

EXAMPLE 159

Long live the king and dear queen, oh!
Another misfortune, [they] talk behind my back!
Long live the king and dear queen, oh!
Another misfortune, [they] talk behind my back!
Fire, oh, heat!
Fire, oh, heat, oh!
Another misfortune, [they] talk behind my back!

EXAMPLE 160

Legba Aguator é!
Oh what loa are you?
Ago I am a loa!
Legba Aguator é!
Oh what loa are you here?
Quitti quitti yé, oh, I am a Nago loa!
Legba Aguator é! What loa are you!

EXAMPLE 161

Oh, colico ya ya, my little banza, *colico!*
In truth, *colico ya ya*, my little banza, *colico!*
Colico ya ya, my little banza, *colico!*
A non paillé colico ya ya, my little banza, *colico!*

(A children's story song. The italicized parts are not translatable. The banza is a small musical instrument; currently the word is used for a banjo or fiddle, formerly it designated an instrument of African origin.) [534]

EXAMPLE 162

Adié Compère Frog, that is not running!
Frog hops, ti dong, ti dong dong, frog hops!

(A children's song from a story about a race between the frog and the horse.)

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Example 163

The pig says wain!
The pig says wain, hot mama!
Etc.
See the pig having fun!
Enhé, enhé, hot mama!

(A children's *gage* song.)

Example 164

Bwèment rwo!
Adieu, Bwèment, make Bwèment walk!
Bwèment, that's it, that's it, Bwèment!
Make Bwèment walk!

(A children's game song.)

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Example 165

You arrive, Rigal, you enter!
You arrive, Rigal, you arrive!
When Rigal turned into a large pig,
He came to Jacmel to eat us!

(This song names a specific individual, Rigal, as having turned into a pig, like a member of the Vinbindingue Society, but it is not clear whether it is intended to be taken seriously or is merely banter.)

Example 166

I will zwing, oh!
The mosquito says I will zwing, oh!
Etc.

[534] (Zwing is the sound the mosquito makes. The song is usually sung to the accompaniment of the *tambour maringouin,* or mosquito drum.)

Example 167

The small boy stands on the terrace,
He stamps his feet *dao dao!*
The small boy stands on the terrace,
He stamps his feet *dao dao!*
Oh, [unchained?] gives them *paillette,* oh!
The small boy stands on the terrace,
He stamps his feet *dao dao!*
[Unchained?] gives them *paillette,* oh!
Furiously gives them *paillette,* oh!
Mayousse!
Find your woman, *mayousse!*
Mayous-yousse!

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Your share, mayousse!
Find your woman, *mayousse!*
Mayou-yousse!

(*Paillette* means "all decorated up," "fancy," "in carnival regalia." It is also the name of a dance, as is *mayousse*, used here as an exclamation.) [192] [535]

Example 168 was said to be in "Spanish."

Example 169

Go to your mother's house,
Go to your mother's house,
Go to your mother's house, my dear,
Do not come and give me an argument!
Go to your mother's house, my dear,
Go to your mother's house, my dear,
Go to your mother's house, my dear,
And do not give me an argument!
Little girl who doesn't know how to wash and iron,
Go home to your mother,
Little girl who doesn't know how to wash and iron,
Go home to your mother!
Angelico, Angelica, go to your mother's house!
Angelico, Angelica, go to your mother's house!

Example 172

Oh I'm not a mule,
Oh I'm not a mule, oh!
The farmer takes me to carry his coffee!

(A good-natured protest song of the kind often sung by coumbites.) [496]

Example 173 has no text. It is exclamatory throughout.

Example 174

É Laiza, where should I go, Laiza é!
Laiza, the children are hypocrites, oh!
Etc.

Example 175

Ewa Mambo Susan, I am cutting trees
To take away the honey!

Example 176

Adieu kining kining kining,
Oh I say my prayer to God to send rain!

(The first line is ritual language, but it appears to have been originally a phrase recited by the prêt' savane.) [198]

533 EXAMPLE 178

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Osan, oh, Lèlè, oh!
Osan, ah, Lèlè, oh!
They take the ason of the loa and serve evil, oh!
Let it sink!

[626] [996] (The song criticizes someone who has become a houngan and has used his powers wrongly. Osan Lèlè is the loa to whom the complaint is being addressed, or he may be the one lodging the complaint.)

EXAMPLE 179

Farmer, call the loa for me, *ago-é!*
Farmer, call the loa for me now,
Call the loa for me now,
Gèdé has engaged me!

[996] [192] (Gèdé is a loa. *Habitant* signifies "farmer" or "peasant" but could be translated as "countryman.")

EXAMPLE 180

Boulicha, I arrive,
See my misfortune!
I will cut them, I have no knife!
Boulicha Nago, I will cut them, *malocié!*

[996] [198] (The loa Boulicha Nago announces his arrival and complains that people have mistreated him. He says he will avenge himself without a knife. *Malocié* is ritual language.)

EXAMPLE 181

I am going to see the hounsi bossale, oh,
I am going to see if they are in accord with me.
Etc.

EXAMPLE 182

I cry honor before my loa's altar,
Cry honor, and no one replies!
I cry honor before my loa's altar,
Cry honor, and no one replies!
All who speak well [of me], I am here, I will listen, oh!
All who speak evil [of me], I am here, I will listen to them!
They sign my name, Allada, but they do not sign my feet,
I ask where will they see me!

CHAPTER 5: *Services for the Loa and the Family Ancestors* (pp. 41–72)

[1] Note that the houngan and the laplace are performing services normally performed by the *prêt' savane*. 000

[2] Herskovits, *Dahomey*, II, 165.

[3] Parsons, *Spirit Cult in Hayti*.

[4] Account given by Jean Revol Pierre.

[5] Informant: Albert Kofi Prempeh, Ghana.

[6] Account given by Volnaka Saintvil. A. W. Cardinall notes in his book *Tales Told in Togoland* (p. 65): "Trees are in most cases treated with respect. Before a man dare fell one for a canoe he must and invariably does sacrifice to its spirit and apologizes for the harm he is about to do it." [illegible] 171

[7] The rite of *refraîchi tête* is conducted periodically for a *mait' tête* after the original *lavé tête* ceremony. The purpose is to "refresh" the loa and make him content with his residence in the head of the devotee. [illegible]

[8] Herskovits, *The Myth of the Negro Past*, p. 233.

[9] It is of interest to note the perseverance of traditional attitudes toward water rites in certain Negro cults in the United States. River baptism often is attended by ecstatic seizures in familiar form.

[10] Odette Mennesson Rigaud, "Notes on Two Marriages with Voudoun Loa," in Appendix A of Deren, *Divine Horsemen*, p. 264.

CHAPTER 6: *Songs of the Peristyle* (pp. 73–94)

[1] This theme is further commented on in chap. 13. Compare with the following excerpt from a Surinam song reported by Herskovits in *Suriname Folk-Lore* (p. 689): 171 [illegible]

I have no mother there,
I have no father there,
I have no sister there,
I haven't got anybody there.

CHAPTER 7: *In the Mapou Tree: Magic, Demons, and Compacts* (pp. 95–104)

650

[1] Simpson, "Haitian Magic," *Social Forces*, October, 1940, p. 97.

[2] Note the coincidence of the term *gris-gris* or *grigri* as used in the United States, where it has the same meaning as mojo, or "voodoo" charm. [illegible]

[3] Simpson, "Haitian Peasant Economy," *Journal of Negro History*, October, 1940, p. 503.

[4] Herskovits, *Dahomey*, II, p. 243.

CHAPTER 8: *Mardi Gras and Rara: Jugglers, Maypoles, and Kings* (pp. 105–109)

[1] Aubin, *En Haïti*, p. 42.

[2] Marionettes of this kind have been observed in both East and West Africa and are well known in the region of Senegal. I saw a phallic marionette, virtually identical with the Haitian version, in the neighborhood of Khartoum, Sudan. 171 541 536

CHAPTER 9: *Land and Work* (pp. 110–121)

[1] Franklin, *The Present State of Hayti*, p. 362.

[2] Herskovits, *Dahomey*, I, 300 ff., describes Dahomean polygamous marriage in its various forms. Although Dahomean plural marriage is complex in terms of gifts, obligations, and 583 171 585 423 178

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Chapter 12: *Songs of Complaint, Recrimination, and Gossip (pp. 137–147)*

See Herskovits and Herskovits, *Suriname Folk-Lore*, pp. 23-32.

Chapter 13: *Comments on the Mighty: Political Songs (pp. 148–162)*

Léger, *Haiti, Her History and Her Detractors.*

Chapter 15: *Secret-Society Songs (pp. 166–169)*

Herskovits, *Dahomey*, I, p. 196.

See Courlander, "Abakwa Meeting in Guanabacoa," *Journal of Negro History*, XXIX (1944), 461 ff.

Chapter 16: *Folk Tales: Bouki, Malice, and Jean Sotte (pp. 170–184)*

The theme of throwing magic objects upon the ground to ward off a pursuer is widely known, but the story as told in Africa has special characteristics of its own, such as the elephant hair. In Ashanti tales, the prize is the tail of the queen elephant, which is needed to serve as a coffin. 171 538 [1039]

This part of the tale, at least, dealing with the dragon that swallowed the sun, seems to be known in western Europe. Some aspects of the tale of Grandmother's Bath have come from France. [199]

Variants of "The President Wants No More of Anansi" are widely known around the world. The story is told among the Somali of East Africa, with the legendary character Abunawas, a Persian trickster hero, playing the title role. Anansi plays the same part in West Africa, and other trickster heroes are identified with the same adventure in India and Southeast Asia. The tale has been reported also from the West Indian island of St. Martin ("He Meets the King's Conditions," in Parsons, *Folk-Lore of the Antilles, French and English*, Part II). 539 171

The fishing story narrated here, except for the close, is found in many versions in West Africa. The second part of the tale, the pursuit, has a special Haitian flavor. Bouki chasing Malice through the cult chief's ritual grounds and the church, with Malice trying to make appropriate use of the situation, is a special delight to Haitians. The dialogue between Bouki and Malice's behind is also regarded as very humorous.

Known in virtually all Negro communities in the Americas, the tale of eating the honey (or butter, pork, or lard) seems to have come to the New World by way of Africa, although it is also known in Europe.

The theme of the singing tortoise (or other animal, or an object such as a skull) has appeared in folk tales ranging from West Africa through the Americas to the Far East. This Haitian variant bears a striking resemblance to a tortoise story from the Gold Coast (Ghana). In the Gold Coast variant the tortoise asks the hunter who finds him to keep his singing ability a secret, but the hunter has to tell about his discovery. When the village headman hears about it, he calls for a test. The tortoise refuses to sing, and the hunter is punished. Then the tortoise sings his song, which emphasizes the hunter's bad faith. The philosophical tone of the Haitian tortoise's songs, particularly the last one, is quite similar. The last line of the song is from a Haitian proverb.

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Chapter 17: *Children's World: Gage Songs and Games (pp. 185–188)*

The description of this game is from Paul, "Les Jeux à gage," *Bulletin du Bureau d'Ethnologie*, July, 1947, p. 31.

3: Leyburn Z-4,5 (no date) 1966

SV3 Haiti SV3

Only a beginning has been made of collecting the thousands of "Cric? Crac!" stories current in Haiti. 531

It is only recently that people have written Créole, so that there is no standard orthography. Every writer spells words phonetically, with consequent irregularities, and with wide differences between two people writing the same thing. Recent etymological studies may lead eventually to a dictionary and a standard spelling. In order that the reader may see the resemblance of Créole to French, yet its differences from that language, we shall quote a part of one of La Fontaine's fables put into Créole verse by Georges Sylvain.[10] His own French retranslation accompanies the fable, turning such phrases as "female pig" into "sow." 212 539 •

Nan temps toutt bett té palé,	*Au temps où toutes les bêtes parlaient,*
Té g'ain (padon pu respé)	*Il y avait (sauf votre respect)*
Té g'ain youn fémell cochon.	*Il y avait une truie.*
Zott connain qui cochon bon	*Vous savez comme les truies sont bonnes gens?*
Cila-là té fait zammi	*Celle-ci avait fait amitié*
Avec youn fémell chien, qui	*Avec une chienne, qui*
Té prêtt pou mett bas. Chienn-là,	*Était sur le point de mettre bas. La chienne*
Youn jou, dit cochon con ça:	*Un jour, dit à la truie:*
"Moin prêt pou moin accouché,	*"Me voilà près d'accoucher,*
"Ma commé, s'ou pitt souplé,	*"Ma commère, je vous en prie, s'il vous plaît,*
"Pèmett moin prété youn coin	*"Permettez-moi d'emprunter un coin*
"Nan pac ou, pou piti moin."	*"De votre parc, pour mes enfants."*[11]

The terseness of the language is fascinating, a situation is hit off precisely in a few words: a stuffed shirt has been deflated, and the truth has been told. A Haitian was heard to say, "Nègue riche li mulatte; mulatte pauvre li nègue"—a rich Negro is accounted a mulatto; a poor mulatto is to all intents and purposes no better than a Negro. And there is a profound comment on the whole caste system. 531 196

Wherever the French went in the Caribbean region the Créole language spread—in Louisiana, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Guiana. Each region has its own peculiarities, but in general it may be said that these other regions show much more French (as distinct from Norman) influence on Créole, and much less Spanish and English influence. Similarly in Haitian towns, where the élite speak French 175 197 [171]

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[10] *Cric? Crac! Fables de La Fontaine racontées par un montagnard haïtien et transcrites en vers créoles* (Port-au-Prince, 1929), p. 21.

[11] "*Zott*" means "*vous autres*"; "*youn*" is "*une*."